Silver Screen★

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AUG 28 1933

WHEN GRETA ISN'T GARBO

by

Ed Sullivan

Greta Garbo

OW WOMEN RULE THE MEN IN HOLLYWOOD

ALL THAT 'I AM A FUGITIVE' OFFERED AGAIN IN THIS FIRST BLAZING STORY OF AMERICA'S MIGRATORY WORKERS!



JOHN **GARFIELD**

AND

PRISCILLA **LANE**

Triumphantly Teamed in the First Big Starring Picture of Their Own

"DUST BE MY DESTINY"

with

ALAN HALE

Frank McHugh • Billy Halop

Directed by LEWIS SEILER

Screen Play by Robert Rossen

From a Novel by Jerome Odlum

From the flaming pages of the novel that shocked its way to world fame, *Warner Bros.* have screamingly screened the heart-and-soul story of a nation's lost generation —the migratory workers . . . of a boy and girl searching for the grapes of happiness, battling alone against the wrath of a violent destiny. Watch for it! See it! Everyone's calling it 1939's Academy Award drama!



Sleeveless tennis dress of white piqué with zipper closing and brief, contrasting bolero.

Her trim tennis dress first drew his eye but it was her smile that won him completely!

Your smile is your own priceless possession! Guard it with Ipana and Massage!



Don't take chances with "Pink Tooth Brush"—Ipana and massage helps to promote healthier gums, brighter smiles!

A "LITTLE GIRL" tennis dress, snowy-white against sun-bronzed skin, can stop almost any man's glance. But it takes a bright and sunny smile to hold him for keeps!

Not even perfect style sense can win for the girl who ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush." For a dull, pathetic smile soon discounts other charms.

Avoid this tragic neglect. Remember no other aid to charm is more important than care of your teeth and gums. For on them depends the beauty of your smile.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If *your* tooth brush shows a tinge of "pink," it's your cue to *see your dentist at once!* It may not mean anything serious. Often, he will tell you that your gums have become lazy from lack of vigorous chewing—and you can frequently blame our modern soft-food menus for *that*. And, like so many other modern dentists, he's likely to advise "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation quickens in lazy, weakened gums—they tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant to trouble.

Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. See how much Ipana and massage can help you to have brighter teeth, healthier gums, and a lovely, winning smile.



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

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AUG 25 1939

The Opening Chorus

The Letter from Liza

DEAR ED:

For years I have been reading, avec envy, the columns of the newspaper columnists who seem to receive letters constantly from the cinema great. "Just received a letter postmarked Naples from Ty and Annabella," they toss off as if it were nothing, really, (*why I'd give my eye teeth for a letter from Ty!*), or, "Myrna Loy writes me from France," or, "A postcard in the morning's mail from Bob Montgomery who's in London."

Me now—I rarely receive a letter from the cinema great. I did receive one once from Deanna Durbin's lawyer, who said that Deanna would be pleased to sue me if I didn't correct her age.

But now, at long last, I can join the better crop of columnists. I, too, have received a letter from a member of the cinema great. And don't think I'm not going to spread it on a bit. "Just received a letter from Merle Oberon," I shall probably be saying for months. "She's in London, you know."

Merle's letter, which I will give you in part, tells all about her marriage to Alexander Korda, British motion picture producer, in the Riviera resort town of Antibes. Writes Merle:

"The marriage took place in very romantic surroundings—in the *Mairie* in Vieux Antibes—at the side of the *Mairie* is the market place where they were very busy selling fruit and flowers on the street. It's awfully pretty this part of Antibes, and very old. The name of the street was the Rue Auberon. Can you believe it? We were married by the Mayor of Grasse. My wedding dress was not what I would have chosen it to be, but I had no time to get one before I left London (*where I had thought we might do it if we could without a fuss*) and there wasn't much to choose from in the South of France—it was from Lanvin and of navy blue crepe de chine trimmed with white and red beaded trimming, a white hat and navy veil, white bag and gloves, and I carried a spray of orchids, orange blossoms, and lilies of the valley.

"After the ceremony we went back to the hotel and had a glass of champagne and then went down to the beach—or the rocks I should say as there is no beach. We left for London the day after the next. And may I now say married life is very nice, thank you, Miss Liza.

"And now about you, kindly write a long and full report on your behaviour (*don't put all the details in, because now I am so respectable the shock might kill me!*) I miss you and the giggles we had together. Can't you be sent here on a mission—we could have so much fun."

A "mission" I presume is being delightfully British for an "interview." Dear Ed., I do wish you'd cook me up a mission that would send me romping on a visit to the Kordas.

Liza

REFLECTING *the* MAGIC *of* HOLLYWOOD

OCTOBER, 1939

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Silver Screen

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CONTENTS

STORIES AND ARTICLES

		Page
Career Girls Don't Cry	NORMA ANN WELLS	16
They must know how to take it on the chin when bad breaks come		
When Greta Isn't Garbo	ED SULLIVAN	22
Off-the-record incidents which reveal her human side		
Gilding "Golden Boy"	JAMES REID	26
Preparations which were necessary for William Holden's debut		
How Women Rule the Men in Hollywood	HELEN LOUISE WALKER	36
The male stars frankly tell you all about it!		
Romance in Reverse	MARY LIVINGSTONE BENNY	38
Jack Benny's wife personally gives you an untold story of their marriage		
The Girl From the Five-and-Ten	WILLIAM LYNCH VALLEE	42
That's where Ellen Drew started her career		
What I Found Out About Hollywood	ANNA NEAGLE	44
The famous English actress gives her enlightening impressions		
So You're Going to the Movies?	FREDERICK JAMES SMITH	49
Then here's how to be your own critic and enjoy the movies more		

PICTORIAL PROFILES

The Pryors		24
Ann Sothern and hubby Roger Pryor, with the first pictures of their son, David		
June Lang		46
An intimate taken-at-home photo story of the real June (Photos by Gene Lester)		

MONTHLY FEATURES

The Opening Chorus		4
Liza gets a letter from Merle Oberon about her marriage		
Tips on Pictures		8
Pictures to see and to miss		
Your Beautiful Eyes	MARY LEE	14
Expert advice on beautifying the windows of your soul		
Topics For Gossip		19
Hollywood highlights in print and pictures		
Hollywood Whispers		6
Confidential reports on the doings of the stars		
We Point With Pride		34
To Mischa Auer!		
Reviews		50
West Coast opinions of the new films		
Early Fall Fashions		52
Featuring Brenda Marshall, Warner Brothers beauty		
Pictures on the Fire!	DICK MOOK	56
Watching them make forthcoming productions and chatting with the players		

ART GALLERY

Walter Pidgeon and Barbara Stanwyck	28–29
Dorothy Arnold and Patricia Morison	30–31
Lana Turner and Lew Ayres	32
Jimmy Ellison and Katharine Aldrich	33

OTHER FEATURES

The Prince and His Lady Fair		35
In other words, Nelson Eddy and Ilona Massey		
Jimmy Ellison at the N. Y. World's Fair		40
He had a merry time, as the photos indicate		
Foto Flashes		48
Away from the studios with the stars		
A Party For Nan		51
Nan Grey's girl friends give her a shower		

COVER PORTRAIT OF GRETA GARBO BY MARLAND STONE

V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

135 WOMEN
with nothing on their minds
BUT MEN



Out of the boudoir . . . on to the screen! See women as they don't see themselves! Dowagers and debutantes! Chorines and mannequins! Countesses and cowgirls! See them in cold cream and mud packs! In smart boudoirs and sleek salons! See them with their hair down and their claws out! See 135 of them biting, kicking, scratching and kissing in the most hilarious Battle Over Men ever screened!



The Women
(AND IT'S ALL ABOUT MEN!)

Biggest All-Star Cast in Years in the Hit Stage Play Broadway Cheered For A Solid Season!

with **MARY BOLAND · PAULETTE GODDARD · PHYLLIS POVAH**
JOAN FONTAINE · VIRGINIA WEIDLER · LUCILE WATSON

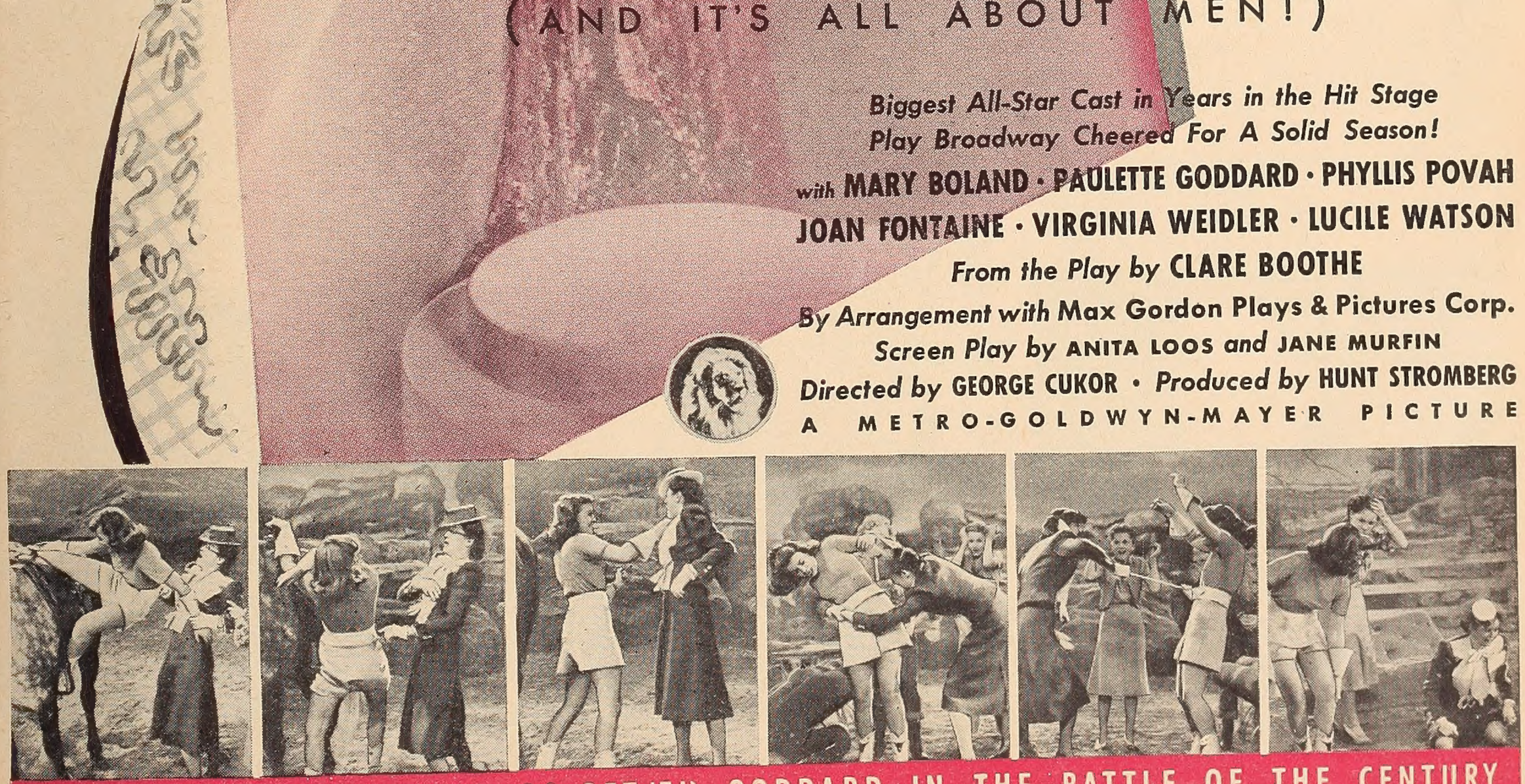
From the Play by **CLARE BOOTHE**

By Arrangement with Max Gordon Plays & Pictures Corp.

Screen Play by ANITA LOOS *and* JANE MURFIN

Directed by GEORGE CUKOR · *Produced by* HUNT STROMBERG

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



ONE-ROUND RUSSELL AND GO-GET-'EM GODDARD IN THE BATTLE OF THE CENTURY





Above: Shirley Temple and Jean Hersholt led the Grand March at the "Comedians vs. Leading Men" charity ball game. *Right:* Richard Greene with Leslie Howard's daughter, Leslie, bumps into his stand-in, Warren Mace, with Lovee Batchelor, at La Conga.

Hollywood Whispers

THE Helen Hayes first night audience had the delicious treat of seeing Norma Shearer and Burgess Meredith, her escort, climb over a row of seats. Having gotten in the wrong row they decided that was the best way out. Second in interest to Norma's climbing act was Greer Garson's perfectly beautiful red hair which had the entire audience ohing and ahing. Miss Garson has made so few Hollywood appearances that she is quite a novelty—and that hair of hers, natural as day and night, is really something to write home about. She wears it in a long bob. And third in interest was Franchot Tone's first Hollywood appearance with a girl since his divorce from Joan Crawford—the girl was Loretta Young.

Dorothy Lamour in a gold turban that a Persian Shah would give his eye teeth for did a goodly bit of scene-stealing on opening night also. Dotty has the most stunning suntan in Hollywood, with the exception of Joan Crawford, and even without her sarong, she had every man in the audience ogling like mad to get another look at her.

The Rosalind Russell boosters are raving about her performance in "The Women," and are exclaiming all over the place, "At last Roz has a part she can sink her teeth in." Which happens to be just what Roz did. In the fight scene with Paulette Goddard she had to sink her teeth right into Paulette's arm.

Loretta Young was being such a lady on the set of "Eternally Yours" until along came David Niven and Broderick Crawford, who have important roles in the picture, and the gags began. David and Brod wait until the set has several middle-aged respectable looking tourists standing around fairly drooling over Loretta's fragile beauty and sweetness, and then one of them will shout, "Oh, Loretta, how's your ring-worm today? You must be careful that it doesn't get in your hair."

"How can I be a lady after that," moans Loretta, shaking with laughter, "I have to give them back as good as they send me or else they'll tease me into an early grave."

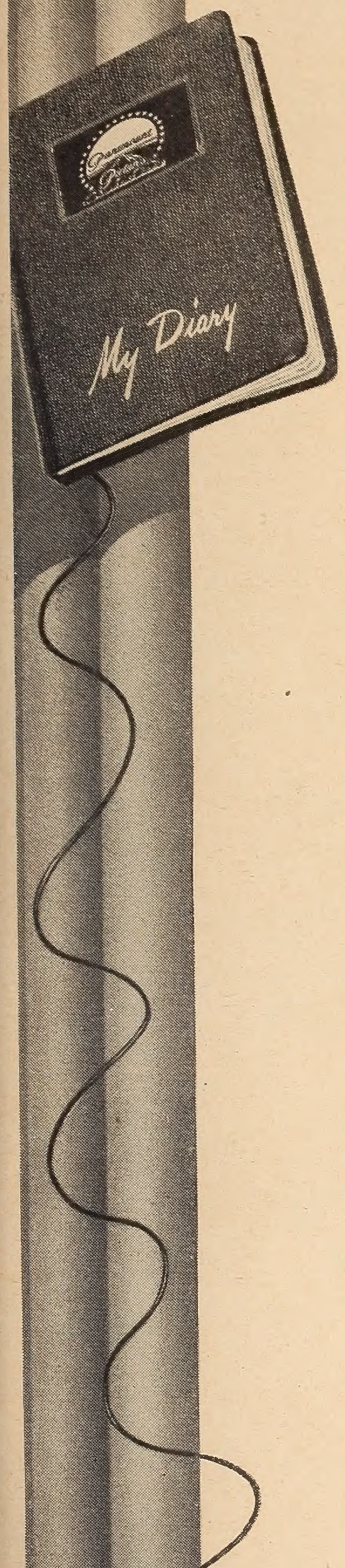
It doesn't take much of the rough outdoors to make an urban sophisticate suddenly appreciate the small luxuries of

(*Continued on page* 11)





Left: Joan Crawford, with her boy friend, Charles Martin, registering surprise at the preview of "Each Dawn I Die." *Right:* Lana Turner, M-G-M's glamour girl, in a serious discussion with off-and-on boy friend, Greg Bautzer.



NOTES from a Hollywood Diary

By Lydia Allerdyce

99 kids and Bing . . . One of the most amusing sights in Hollywood recently has been the big set where Paramount has surrounded Bing Crosby with at least a hundred boys and girls, dancing and singing, and having a wonderful time helping him bring "The Star Maker", based on the life of Gus Edwards, to the screen. Bing believes the role of the star maker, the Broadway showman who made kids of old New York into the stars of today, is an even grander role than his famous "Sing You Sinners" triumph. We've seen some of the rushes and we agree about Bing, also about Linda Ware, discovered by Producer Rogers, who discovered Deanna Durbin. When she sings with Walter Damrosch and the entire Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra accompanying her, it is a great moment. Preview audiences have actually sung the old-time favorites in the picture—"School Days", "By The Light of the Silvery Moon", "I Can't Tell Why I Love You But I Do".



Miss America has a new Beau... Of course, we wouldn't want to give away any secrets about our age . . . but we do remember when we thrilled to Ronald Colman in the first "Beau Geste" some fifteen years ago. Well, Miss America has a new "Beau" now. Yes, all of you are going simply gaga about Gary Cooper in Paramount's new "Beau Geste". William A. Wellman has made the really great picture of his career. And as that carefree, dashing soldier of the French Foreign Legion, Michael "Beau" Geste, Gary is terrific. Ray Milland, Robert Preston, whom you liked in "Union Pacific", play the two other Geste brothers. Brian Donlevy is the vicious Sergeant Markoff. Just to tell you how good this new "Beau Geste" is, I saw a screening of the old "Beau Geste" . . and well, there's just no comparison . . . the new one is twice as thrilling.



Hollywood's newest glamour girl . . . Rumors 'round Hollywood that Paramount had the new child star sensation and was giving her, her picture debut in the new Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray starrer, "My Love For Yours", led us to do a little investigating. The rumors were true all right. The little lady is Miss Carolyn Lee, and we can't rave enough about her after glimpsing her in "My Love For Yours". She plays the role of the little adopted daughter of a New York business woman (Miss Carroll) who manages by her child's faith in two grownups to show them the course of true love. You'll agree when you see Carolyn Lee that this is only the beginning of a great career in pictures for Paramount's newest little starlet.



More laurels for Laughton . . . With Charles Laughton once more a member of the Hollywood community, interest, of course, is high concerning that grand actor. So we were delighted to see Laughton's newest picture, "Jamaica Inn" Readers of the Daphne DuMaurier best seller will be delighted with director Alfred Hitchcock's treatment of this thrilling yarn. And Laughton fans will acclaim Laughton's finest role—the gentlemanly villain who paid his gaming debts with the loot of a crew of shore pirates. And Mayflower-Pommer Productions can be proud of bringing Maureen O'Hara, a charming and talented actress, to the screen.



Call your theatre and ask them when these Paramount Pictures, mentioned by Miss Allerdyce, will play. Remember: If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town.

Tips on Pictures

A Film for Every Mood

BLONDIE TAKES A VACATION—Amusing. When Blondie (Penny Singleton), her husband (Arthur Lake) and their young hopeful (Little Larry Sims) set off on a two weeks' play period they find that they have to work harder at playing than they had bargained for. Plenty of good clean fun in this.

BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S BRIDE—Good. Well, at last Drummond actually *marries* that long-suffering girl, Phyllis Clavering, and we can all breathe freely again. As usual Drummond, after deciding to give up crime-detecting as a career, runs into Col. Neilson of Scotland Yard and an intriguing new case which he can't resist. (John Howard, Heather Angel, H. B. Warner.)

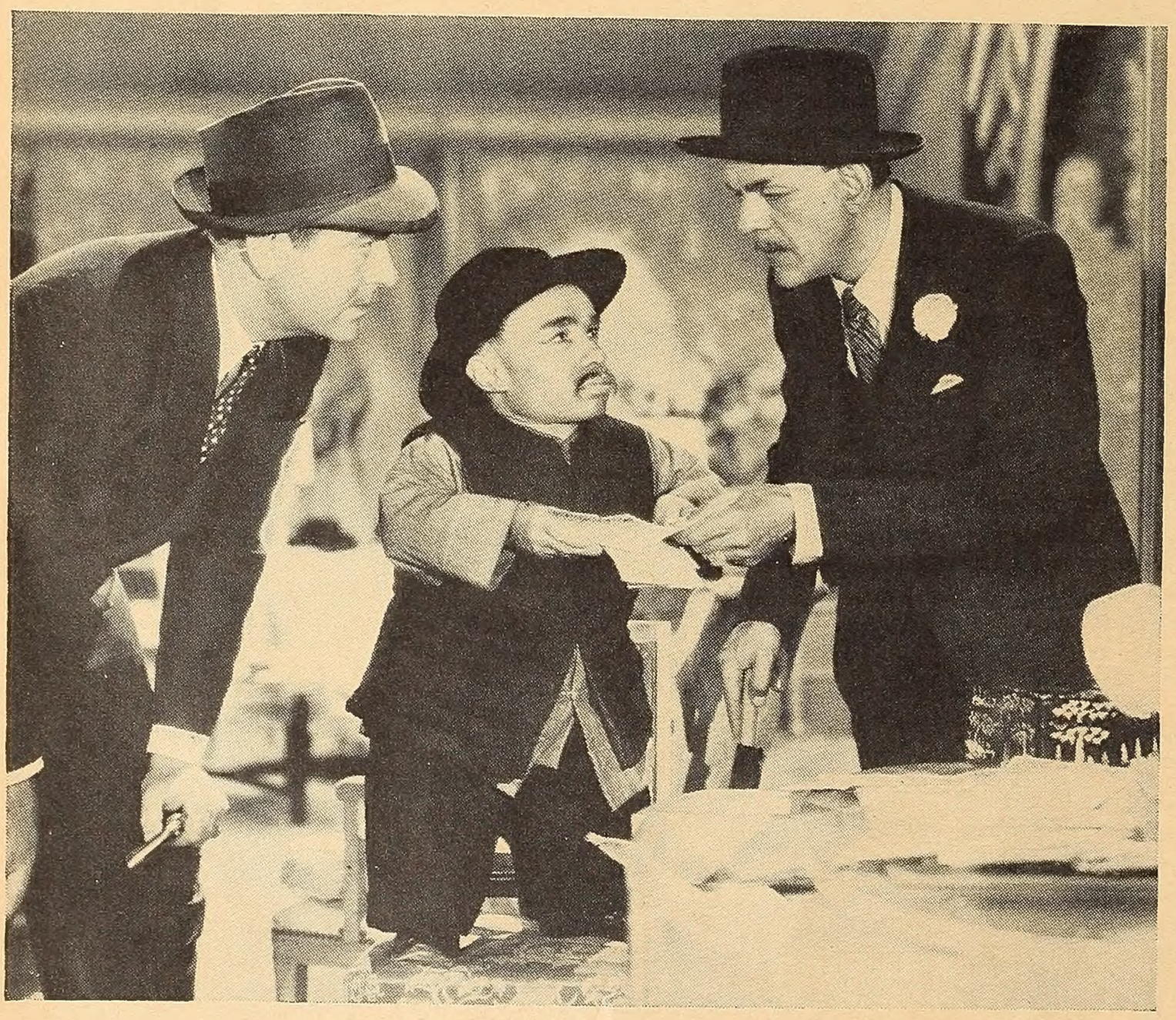
CAREER—Fine. A simple, human story of the day-by-day life of the inhabitants of a small town in Iowa, told in the heart-warming style of "A Man To Remember." There's quite a bit of "flag-raising" going on, but the characters are all so charmingly played that we'll forgive them this digression from the plot. Splendid cast includes Anne Shirley, Ed. Ellis, Janet Beecher, Samuel S. Hinds, Leon Errol, John Archer, Alice Eden.

FIVE CAME BACK—Excellent. The situation of a group of people marooned in the desolate jungles of Central America offers material here for a dramatic, tensely played film drama with a denouement that is distinctly gripping. Fine cast includes Chester Morris, Wendy Barrie, Lucille Ball, C. Aubrey Smith, Kent Taylor, Allen Jenkins and Joseph Calleia. It's well worth your time.

FRONTIER MARSHALL—Fine. This goes back to 1878 and the cleaning up of Tombstone, Arizona, which proved to be a pretty exciting incident in the history of our Western colonization and proves to be perhaps even more exciting when viewed at this time and distance in fast-paced picture form. (Randolph Scott, Nancy Kelly.)



George Raft, a stand-out in "Each Dawn I Die," gives another flawless performance in "I Stole a Million," in which he appears with lovely Claire Trevor and, as you see, completely sweeps her off her feet.



Grant Withers, as Inspector Street, and Boris Karloff, as Mr. Wong, try to get some information out of the Dwarf (Little Angelo) suspected of murder in "Mr. Wong in Chinatown." But the Dwarf is deaf and dumb and they learn nothing. It's exciting melodrama, with Karloff giving a fine performance. If you haven't followed this series, it's time to begin.

FORGOTTEN WOMAN, THE—Good. Women, especially, will enjoy this well directed story of a woman falsely accused of being the accomplice of gangsters who killed her own husband. Sigrid Gurie is exceptionally good in the title role, and is amply aided by Donald Briggs, Wm. Lundigan, Eve Arden, Elizabeth Risdon.

HELL'S KITCHEN—Fair. The "Dead End" boys have a new idea to work around in this minor thriller. Instead of referring to the 10th Avenue section of New York with which it is associated, the title refers to a sort of post-graduate course for reform school probationers, and, of course, the kids do their stuff with gusto.

I STOLE A MILLION—Fine. A grim, relentless characterization of an ambitious taxi driver who is chiseled out of his life's savings, and decides to retrieve them by force. The effect of this crime dogs his footsteps no matter how terribly hard he tries to redeem himself, and the climax packs a terrific wallop. The excellent cast boasts George Raft, Claire Trevor and Dick Foran.

IN OLD MONTEREY—Good. A few more westerns of this caliber and adult audiences will be clamoring for more and more of them. This Gene Autry opus has the color and romance indicated by the title, and, in addition, plenty of action, with the Army and the cattle ranchers playing against each other. (June Storey.)

[*Continued on page* 10]



"You're absolutely right, madam, the new Listerine Tooth Paste fights decay better because of its marvelous power to penetrate and cleanse tiny defects in enamel where so much decay starts."



"That marvelous Luster-Foam 'bubble bath' wakes up your whole mouth —and gets teeth cleaner and brighter so fast," says lovely Athalia Ponsell, famous New York model.



"I see that my youngster uses it because of the way Luster-Foam cleans the little pits in enamel that are so seldom reached otherwise," says Mrs. Maida Seyer, of City Island, N.Y.



"Can't kid me! There's nothing like the new Listerine Tooth Paste for getting off tobacco stained films from teeth," opines Henry W. Herbert of New York, N. Y.

Let this new tooth paste with Luster-Foam give you a *million dollar smile!*

New Listerine Tooth Paste cleans teeth and brings luster in thrilling new way

What's the secret of this new dentifrice? Why does it make teeth so clean, so brilliant? Why do people who bought it as a trial, keep coming back for it? Why do we sell a million tubes a month?

The answer is Luster-Foam detergent . . . that amazing energizing agent found only in this dentifrice.

At the first touch of saliva and brush, Luster-Foam's energy is released in a dainty, aromatic "bubble bath" of amazing penetrating and spreading power. You have no idea of how clean, how fresh, it makes your mouth feel, how it brings out the highlights on the tooth enamel and super-cleans it.

It surges over and around the teeth, and even goes to work on hard-to-get-at areas with their pits, cracks, and fissures, where more than 75% of decay is estimated to start.

Start now using this dentifrice with Luster-Foam detergent. See in your mirror how it helps to brighten teeth, and to give them the luster you've always desired.

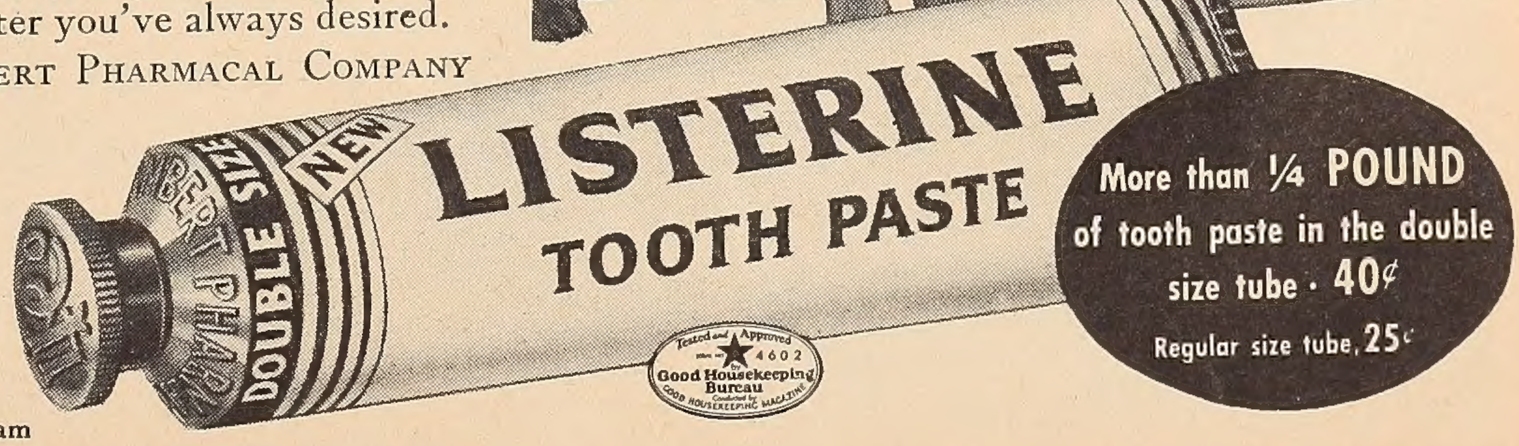
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY

THE *NEW* FORMULA

supercharged with

LUSTER-FOAM

($C_{14}H_{27}O_5SNa$)



More than ¼ POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube · 40¢

Regular size tube, 25¢

P. S. Listerine Tooth Powder Also Contains Luster-Foam

MEET THESE FASCINATING PEOPLE...

From the great Broadway play

GOLDEN BOY!

starring BARBARA STANWYCK as LORNA . . . She's the dame from Newark





starring ADOLPHE MENJOU as MOODY . . . He loves Lorna

starring WILLIAM HOLDEN as JOE BONAPARTE . . . He wants to be a big shot





SAM LEVENE as SIGGIE . . . He loves the duchess

LEE COBB as PAPA BONAPARTE . . . He wants his son





BEATRICE BLINN as ANNA . . . She loves Siggie

JOSEPH CALLEIA as FUSELI . . . He wants a champion



TENDERLY . . . THE SCREEN TELLS THE HEART-WARMING STORY OF THEIR EMOTIONAL CONFLICT AND ROMANCE!

GOLDEN BOY

A ROUBEN MAMOULIAN Production • Based on the CLIFFORD ODETS play as produced by the Group Theatre of New York • Screen play by Lewis Meltzer, Daniel Taradash, Sarah Y. Mason, Victor Heerman • Produced by William Perlberg

A COLUMBIA PICTURE



Ann Sheridan, who's beginning to object to the title "The Oomph Girl," got all dressed up in a heavy tweed coat and slacks for this episode in "Indianapolis Speedway" with John Payne, but still is Oomphish!

INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY—Fair. Plenty of action in this auto racetrack yarn which is a remake of "The Crowd Roars." But you have to be a racing enthusiast to appreciate some of the long drawn out races. In for heart interest and "oomph" are Gale Page and Ann Sheridan playing opposite Pat O'Brien and John Payne.

IN NAME ONLY—Fine. With such an expert cast as we have here—Carole Lombard, Kay Francis, Cary Grant—playing the other woman, the wife and the muchly desired "man" in the order named, and expertly—how could picture fans go wrong when selecting this film for their evening's entertainment? And the weeping and the laughter are mixed just as expertly. (Charles Coburn.)

MR. WONG IN CHINATOWN—Good. One of the most entertaining of the Wong series of detective films, with Boris Karloff, as usual, turning in a good performance as the Chinese sleuth. In this case he has the murder of a princess occurring right in his home, which brings the mystery right to his own doorstep.

SPELLBINDER, THE—Fair. This will do as the second half of a dual program. The plot concerns a not too scrupulous lawyer who successfully defends a man whom he knows is a murderer. When freed the man marries the lawyer's adored daughter and another murder is committed, but you'll have to see the film to find out who murders whom the second time. (Lee Tracy, Barbara Read, Patric Knowles.)

SHOULD HUSBANDS WORK?—Fair. The third in the Higgins' family series is suited to double programs only. We find James, Lucille and Russell in their accustomed father, mother and son roles, with Marie Wilson as the dumb blonde that Russell marries. There's one highly amusing sequence when Lucille blithely takes over the big cosmetic job her husband had set his heart on.

THIS MAN IS NEWS—Fine. A humorous newspaper yarn, made in England where reporters are dignified by the cogomen "journalists." Plenty of what we might term battle, murder and sudden death occurs in order to keep the plot humming. Barry K. Barnes (an actor who also distinguishes himself in *The Ware Case*) and Valerie Hobson are delightful romantics, and Alastair Sim is priceless as the Scotch editor.

WARE CASE, THE—Splendid. The English really excell when it comes to transferring a good mystery story to the screen and this one has you holding your breath. You can look for some splendid characterizations here, some equally splendid acting, and some exciting surprises, especially during the dramatic courtroom sequences. (Clive Brook, Jane Baxter, Barry K. Barnes.)

WAY DOWN SOUTH—Good. The extremely colorful atmosphere of New Orleans just prior to the Civil War is reproduced in this film, and gives the melodious Hall-Johnson Choir an excellent opportunity to sing some beautiful Negro spirituals. Bob Breen is starred in the story, which deals with the selling of the slaves on an old plantation, and does some fine singing on his own account. (Alan Mowbray, Ralph Morgan, Steffi Duna, Sally Blane.)

WATERFRONT—Fair. A melodrama of the rough and ready type with the hero a longshoreman who is pretty tough until he is converted by a kindly priest. His temper is aroused again when an old enemy slays his brother and from then on it's difficult for his wife, the priest and even the audience to sympathize with his activities. (Dennis Morgan, Glora Dickson, Marie Wilson.)



Anne Shirley expresses her deep admiration and love for John Archer, who is telling her about his ambition to become a great doctor in "Career." John won his niche in films through radio's Gateway to Hollywood contest, and so far is doing fine, thank you!

Hollywood Whispers

[Continued from page 6]

life, and Claudette Colbert can attest to the fact that a folding rubber bath tub was one of the greatest thrills in the way of luxury she has had in a long time.

At the present time, Claudette is roughing it in a mountain camp in Utah while on location with "Drums Along the Mohawk." Being 40 miles from the nearest town of any size modern conveniences are somewhat lacking.

Some of the boys in the troupe got together, procured a rubber folding bath tub from Hollywood, and while Claudette was away from camp installed it in her tent.

The Sally Rand Dude Ranch, with the "D" scratched out and an "N" inserted above it, at the San Francisco Fair, is quite a favorite spot for the men to gather, as you can well imagine. The girls play at games on one side of huge plate glass windows while the men stare at them on the other side. Charlie Butterworth, our favorite droll comedian, was one of the oglers recently, and completely upset everything. After watching the girls play badminton for a moment he turned to the gallery at large and said, "Can any of you gentlemen tell me the score?"

Shirley Temple, the kids of America will probably like to know, is now in the throes of taking her examinations for the end of Six-A, and if she passes she will enter Junior High School during the coming school semester.

While not exactly a new fad—Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor were wearing sport coats and hats alike at the racetracks several years ago—it has become quite smart for a Hollywood twosome to dress alike. Phyllis Brooks and Cary



After dining with Madeleine Carroll at the Troc, David Niven found himself without sufficient funds and had to write a check to cover the full amount of his bill. Both got quite a laugh.

Boy Friend? Even the girls dodge dates with Ann!



Ann could have dates galore if she'd guard her charm with MUM!

ONE DAY is just like another—to Ann. No one drops in to see her. Men never take her out. Even the girls avoid her!

What would *you* do—if you knew a girl lovely in *other* ways—but careless about underarm odor? Of course you'd avoid her, too! Nobody wants to be around a girl who neglects to use Mum!

Too bad the girl who offends this way so rarely knows it herself! No one likes to tell her, either. Nowadays you're *expected* to know that a bath is never enough! A bath removes only past perspiration, but Mum prevents future odor before it starts. Hollywood says Mum... nurses say Mum... *you'll* say Mum once you've tried this pleasant, gentle, *dependable* cream!

QUICK! Mum takes 30 seconds, can be applied even after dressing or underarm shaving!

SAFE! The seal of the American Institute of Laundering tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. Mum is safe for skin.

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For Sanitary Napkins

More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. Mum frees you from embarrassment, is gentle and safe!

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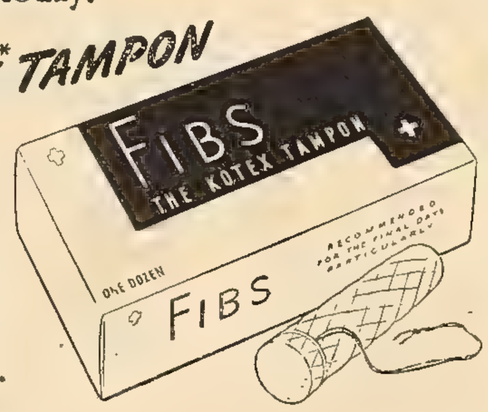
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Grant were wearing polo coats just alike (except size) *before they went to Europe, and getting a big kick out of it. But it was the popular twosome of Janet Gaynor and Adrian that stopped the show at the Cocoanut Grove recently and had everyone gaping—politely, of course. Both showed up in bright red taffeta jackets! Janet's was very feminine with a lot of ruffles and frou-frou, while Adrian's was cut along the conventional tailored dinner coat lines. But the same identical material, mind you.*

The rumors are thick and fast that Sonja Henie and Vic Orsatti, her agent, will announce an engagement while they are in Europe. Vic took the same boat to Norway with the little skating girl and you know how romance flourishes on a boat with a full moon. During her last few weeks in Hollywood, before she left on her European vacation, Sonja was seen mostly with Lee Bowman, but it was more a dancing friendship than a romance. Lee Bowman and Cesar Romero are the two best dancers in Hollywood, and next to skating Miss Sonja likes dancing.

Ann Sheridan definitely refuses to take all this "oomph girl" business too seriously. Covers on all the national magazines as well as the fan magazines, and raves about her sex appeal on every hand, haven't gone to her pretty little red head one bit. The former Clara Lou Sheridan, who hung around Hollywood several years before she got a "break," wears a bracelet on which is inscribed, "To Ann from Clara Lou. Kid, you continue to amaze me." And whenever she needs fresh make-up she calls to the make-up man, "Come on over and put some oomph on me."

When May Robson recently celebrated her seventy-fifth birthday she received a wire from W. C. Fields which had her in hysterics. She just can't wait to show it to you when you call at her attractive home. Wired Bill, "Come, come, my little chickadee, another birthday?"

When Hedy Lamarr takes still pictures at the studio she always has a phonograph sent over to the gallery with some "hot" records. Hedy is not one to be stationary very long and while the cameraman gets his camera and the lights set up Hedy dances around without a single thought about all that glamour she's supposed to give out for the camera. When she did a recent gallery sitting she found some rhumba records and she felt an overwhelming desire to dance the rhumba. There wasn't a man in sight except a technician who was fixing the lights. "Dance with me, please," said Hedy to him. "I'd love to swing it with you, Miss Lamarr," said the technician blushing. "But you see I'm a married man. And I don't think my wife would like it."

Although she has been on the screen for seven years a director recently made the discovery that Barbara Stanwyck has a mole on her lip. He became terribly excited over his discovery and ordered Barbara to have the mole removed at once. "Listen," said Barbara, "that mole has been with me through a lot of stale performances and I'm afraid it's going through another."



Wayne Morris has taught his police dog, Galahad, many tricks. Wayne and his wife live in Brentwood. They expect the stork sometime in December.

After a three-year battle Lionel Barrymore has his feet on the ground again. Despite an injury, suffered three years ago, he still carried on with his acting, and started an intensive system of treatment and exercise.

He moved to a farm in the San Fernando Valley, and added sunshine and strenuous farm work to his itinerary. He built fences, planted flowers, shrubs and trees, and gradually overcame the handicap. He walked before the camera recently for the first time and from now on has no use for crutch or wheel chair.

"Besides, I've raised the finest stand of corn in the San Fernando Valley," says Lionel.

When "The Women" was finally finished Rosalind Russell gave a dinner party at the Cocoanut Grove for all the stand-ins on the picture. Norma Shearer gave a party for the cast—all showed up except Joan Crawford and Paulette Goddard. So now you know who was speaking to whom, and who wasn't.

Greer Garson made a faux pas, when she moved into her star dressing room on the M-G-M lot recently, that had everybody on the lot breaking out in a sympathetic smile. It seems that for weeks Greer has been house hunting in Hollywood and has been poking around in kitchens, bathrooms, closets, etc., asking all the traditional questions. So when the young man from the casting office took her over to show her her new dressing rooms she fluttered around looking at everything and then quite unexpectedly said to the young man, "Does this include lights and gas?"

And speaking of dressing rooms, her nearest neighbors report that Garbo practices dancing in her dressing room during her lunch hour. And the record she plays over and over is, "I Get Along Without

You Very Well." She has probably dedicated it to Stokowski now that she is in the throes of romance and vegetable juices with Dr. Gaylord Hauser, the diet expert. With Garbo one never knows. Maybe it's love. Maybe it's only spinach.

Don Ameche once worked in a mattress factory as a mattress tester. The job proved pleasant, but too tempting, and after falling asleep for three days in a row he was politely, but firmly, told to seek his livelihood elsewhere.

Clark Gable and Lionel Barrymore took no chances when they heard that Mickey Rooney was going to impersonate them in a scene for "Babes in Arms." They both went to the set ostensibly as unofficial technical directors and to avert libel at the hands of the irrepressible Rooney.

In the scene, Mickey played two parts, those of "Cleopatra's Uncle Lionel" and "Clark Antony." Mickey laid it on thick. Then he turned to the two stars for their opinion. "Not bad, Mickey," said Barrymore, "not bad." Gable remained silent.

"What do you think, Clark?" urged Rooney.

"Well, Mickey, I'll tell you," mused Gable, with his usual tact. "One of us must be rotten!"

Jane Withers and Papa Walter Withers took 81-year-old Grandma Jennie Withers fishing off Malibu, and Grandma caught 15 brinies—then at Jane's party for her, Grandma played ping pong with Edward Arnold.

Instead of watch-dogs Virginia Field keeps a pair of unfriendly geese in her backyard. And if you don't think that's effective protection try walking in the gate sometime without Virginia on hand to greet you.

AT long last, we believe, we have found a guy in pictures whom men like almost as much as their wives do. Mr. Bob Hope. After attending several Bob Hope previews, and listening to male chit-chat in the lobbies later, we discovered that the men of America don't seem to resent Bob Hope at all. They don't turn green with envy when he comes on the screen. They don't sneer and make funny noises during his love scenes. They don't seem to mind when their wives say, "Isn't he wonderful! I wish he'd sing 'Two Sleepy People' again."

Why, husbands have pouted for days because their wives have sighed longingly over Nelson Eddy. They've stamped out of their homes in a rage simply because they found Dick Powell, clipped from a fan magazine, on their wives' dressing table. The Messieurs Gable, Taylor, Cooper, and Power have caused more serious domestic upsets than mothers-in-law and budgets combined. Why then, since they resent these other screen heroes so much, do they like Bob Hope? Why indeed? Well, in genial, wise cracking, not too handsome, not too young, regular guy Bob Hope, they see themselves. The average American man can't possibly imagine himself a Robert Taylor or a Tyrone Power, all slim and young and prettied up making love in the moonlight—unless his imagination is running wild. But he can easily imagine himself a human hero, an easy going, down-to-earth, fellow in his thirties like Bob Hope, who takes a drink and cracks a joke and makes love as if it were not something funereal, but a perfectly natural and rather amusing thing to do. That's the reason he doesn't resent it when the little woman goes into raves over Hope. It's flattering to him.

"Why," says the average American husband, "look at Hope's nose. It looks like a ski jump. And that chin. It comes on the screen five minutes before he does. And I bet his tailor has a lot of trouble with those hips. Oh boy, I am just as good looking as Hope any day of the week. Wonder if there is a new Hope picture I can take the little woman to tonight. She hasn't let a peep out about Robert Taylor since she saw 'Thanks for the Memory.'"

Yes indeed, Bob Hope is quite the nicest thing that has happened to American husbands in years. With the whole race of them practically dying from an inferiority complex—and no wonder, what with the pretty boys being thrust down their throats every time they went to a movie—Mr. Hope has done more to buck them up than four martinis on an empty stomach. Mr. Hope has done for the American husband just exactly what Mr. Ziegfeld did for the American girl. For the first time in history the young husband in his thirties, with hair falling off his temples instead of growing on his chest, has become glamorous and romantic, and very desirable. Women had rather find a sense of humor across the breakfast table than a perfect profile. And it makes for a happy home.

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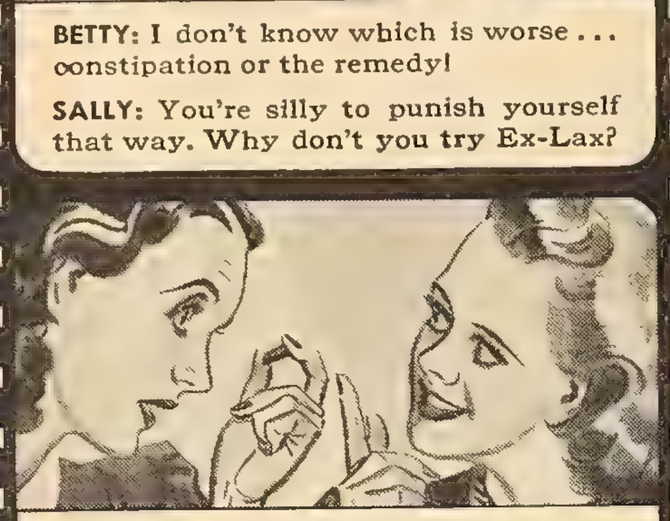
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"The girl who punished herself"



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SALLY: You're silly to punish yourself that way. Why don't you try Ex-Lax?



BETTY: Ex-Lax? You expect that to work for *me* . . . a little chocolated tablet?

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BETTY: No more strong, bad-tasting laxatives for me! That Ex-Lax was just the thing. It fixed me up fine!

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Your Beautiful Eyes

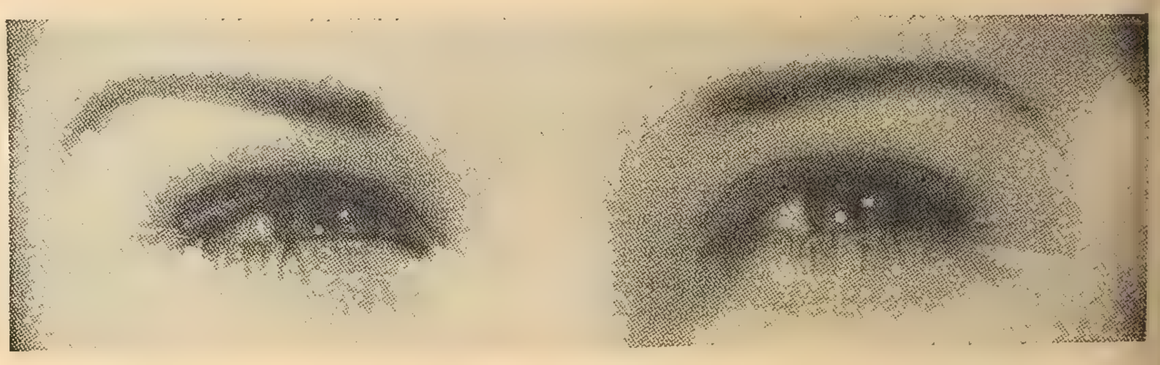


Above: **Those deep brown eyes that look right into yours belong to Frances Dee, who is married to Joel McCrea.**

IN POETRY, in painting and in song, eyes are inevitably coupled with emotion. For eyes have a language of their own, far more expressive than that which issues from our lips. Eyes dare when the lips falter. And whether or not you are aware of it, your eyes speak for you every day of your life. This is the reason that the Hollywood studios concentrate intensely on this feature of the face. If you saw "Second Fiddle," with Sonje Henie, you may recall that scene in the make-up studio when the little teacher was being groomed for her screen test, and also that comment on eyebrows.

Eye make-up and lipstick have undoubtedly increased the general attractiveness and confidence of girls and women more than any other cosmetic aids. Yet I believe there are today thousands of girls with really lovely eyes who discount their charms in this respect because their eyes aren't a divine blue or as big as saucers. There is no longer any set standard for eye beauty so far as color and shape are concerned. The screen has definitely proved that any type of eye may be beautiful.

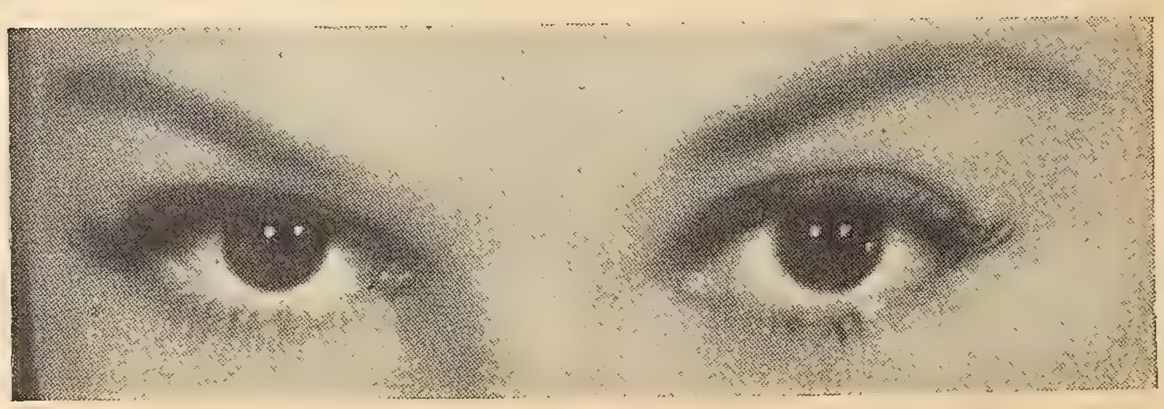
You see Hedy Lamarr on the screen. You remember those eyes. But you do not know or care what color they are. Perhaps, even, you will not recall their shape. What was in them impressed you. There is languor in Dorothy Lamour's eyes; candour in Frances Dee's; youth and fun and also tears in Deanna Durbin's, a hint of laughter in Judith Barrett's and fire and emotion in Dolores Del Rio's. Each appeals in a different way.



To discover what lies in your eyes, why not go straight to your mirror and look at yourself sincerely and critically? Look at yourself as if you were a stranger, for most of us never see ourselves truly. We become too accustomed to our mirrored face.

First, I hope you see clear, sparkling eyes. This is a point of appeal not to be matched by the longest of lashes, the most violet of tones. For that sparkle, alone, is a magnet. Instinctively, it inspires a desire in others to look at you—and admire. If you lack sparkle, ask yourself if you are in good health, if you get sufficient rest and recreation, and if you make it a point to enjoy life. These are the things that give sparkle. There are times, of course, when all eyes become tired, after a long drive, concentration on work or study, a too long program at the movies or a too late party. Then you need a soothing eye wash. There is Eye-Gene, for example, excellent for this purpose, and many a star has mentioned it to me in describing her eye care. Two drops in each eye, night and morning, and your eyes are both cleansed and soothed.

Try to avoid eye strain when possible. Do not read, study, work or sew in a



Above: **Deanna Durbin's grey eyes look like this when she's having a good time.** *Left:* **There's a subtle hint of laughter in Judith Barrett's lovely dark eyes.**

Yours may have their own beauty in color, shape or expression, but here are some accents to double their appeal.

By

Mary Lee



Languorous is the word for Dorothy Lamour's orbs (*above*) and *sultry* for the famous Hedy Lamarr's *(below)*.

poor, weak light. Don't sit with a glare in your face, and if you frankly need glasses, use them for work and reading. Close your eyes easily from time to time for a little rest, or follow an idea Sylvia Sidney taught me some years ago. Close your eyes lightly, then cup the palms of your hands over them to shut out all light. Relax this way a few minutes, and you'll feel like a new girl.

Now examine your lashes. How are they? Perhaps they don't hold the world's record for length, but if they're normal, cheer up. You can do much to improve



their natural condition through care, and you can double their beauty by make-up. There is a preparation made by the Kurlash Company, Kurlene, which is truly a wonderful groomer for brows and lashes. It seems to make every little hair appear individually stronger, more definite, silky and lustrous. I like to use Kurlene on the Kurlash Eye Brow Brush, because it gets the preparation on so neatly and gives brows and lashes a nice mild exercising, by brushing. This brush has several inches of handle, which makes it convenient to wield. By using Kurlene nightly, I think you can immensely improve the condition of your lashes and brows, too, if they need it. Many with a full, dark enough growth use Kurlene in this manner by day, for it gives a beautiful life and lustre.

I might add that I have yet to talk with a star who did not use some such preparation nightly.

Mascara is really the magic touch. You may use with full assurance of safety the well-known and advertised brands. Their full effectiveness, however, lies in skilful application. You need a light, trained hand, which is only a matter of practice. Some mascara seems to work better with a wet brush, while others go on smoother with a damp one, so experiment here. For an artistic job, it seems better to apply first a moderate amount, let dry, and then apply more, if you need heavier accent. It is the fashion now to use only enough to accent lashes, rather than to bead or burden them down in the old-fashioned manner. Always wash your brush after use, and then it will not clog. Here is a way to a very natural effect. Rinse your brush, dry on a tissue, then brush your lashes again after using mascara. This separates every lash, gives a beautifully soft result.

If you have long eyes, like Kay Francis or Ruth Chatterton, a good idea is to concentrate mascara on the outer end, as this increases length of the eyes. If your eyes are round, like Sonja Henie's or Claudette Colbert's then accent in an even, round fringe. As a rule, mascara should be used on the upper lashes only, but there are exceptions, as with the pale blonde, whose lower lashes are not noticeable. In this case, use a very little mascara on these lashes. Most mascaras are run-proof, water-proof and sting-proof, and I find either cream or face tonic excellent for their removal, [*Continued on page* 68]

Here are three pretty ladies caught in the very act of doing all the helpful things we told you about for enhancing your eyes. They are *(left to right)* Rosalind Keith, Gloria Blondell and Joy Hodges.



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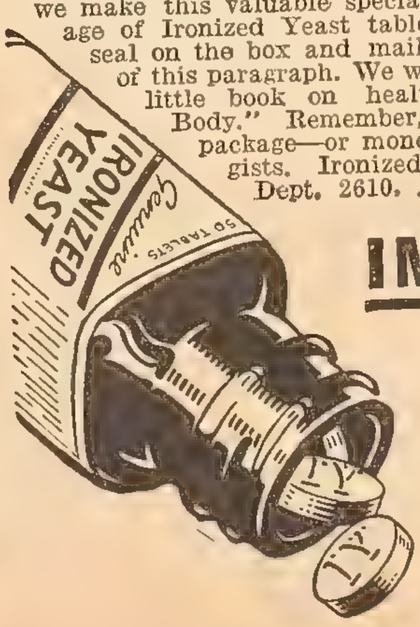
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Career Girls

They can't afford to feel sorry for themselves when the bad breaks come along



Jeanette MacDonald kept a stiff upper lip.

JEANETTE MACDONALD was looking at her fan mail. Some of 'em do look at it, you know. Jeanette is one of them. She held a letter in her hand and read it a second time.

"I've got to write to this girl," she said, slowly. "I have to tell her something. Career girls don't cry!"

She seemed awfully solemn about it all and I certainly didn't want to introduce a flippant note at the wrong moment. But curiosity overcame me. "What," I asked, "exactly is a 'Career Girl' and what doesn't she cry over—and why?"

Jeanette looked properly chiding. She was in no mood to be funny, either. Still fingering the letter, she said, "I call a Career Girl any girl who really believes that she has something inside of her which she must express—who feels that there is something important which she must do—and who is willing to struggle to learn to do it.

"If she really believes that, then she simply can't afford to waste time or energy or mascara weeping over the things which stand in her way. She can't take time out to cry. What's more, if she's really smart, she'll try to learn from the knocks!"

Well, Jeanette was dead sure from the beginning that she had a career ahead of her. She was sure of what the career was, too. She would sing. People tried to persuade her to dance or act or even write or design something. No one seemed to think much of her singing—except Jeanette. Came a Big Day at last, when she was to try out for a singing role in a musical show called, "Fantastic Fricassee."

"It meant so much," she recalls. "Of course, I had stage fright. I faltered in my song and there must have been something extremely comic about it, because everyone laughed and laughed.

"Afterward, when I was sitting, simply frozen with despair and horror, the producer came around and offered me a *comedy* role in the show! I'd been taking myself so big. I'd been so sure that I should be a prima donna at the Metropolitan in just a year or so . . . I couldn't believe him.

"But I thought it over. I needed that job and I decided that no experience could be completely wasted. I would *turn that fiasco into something valuable.* I think I did."

She turned it into something extremely valuable. She learned to "take it." A year





Above: **Judy Garland almost quit at fourteen, but kept plugging.** *Right:* **Olivia de Havilland had no time for tears when things went all wrong.**

Don't Cry

By

Norma Ann Wells

Wendy Barrie learned to keep smiling, no matter what happens.



or so later, when the "Met" seemed as far away as ever, she was called for an audition for a musical comedy which she was sure would mean instant recognition for her, if she could get the role. She was prepared to do her doggondest.

The producer, director, musical director . . . half a dozen hard boiled Broadway gentlemen were assembled in the theater to hear her. She wore her prettiest frock and brought her own accompanist. She was in excellent voice and knew it. She had never felt so sure of herself as she did when she took her place by the piano on the bare stage.

"Someone nodded to me to go ahead," she recalls, "and the accompanist began to play. I opened my mouth and sang as I was sure I had never sung before. Suddenly, I realized that the men were all chatting together amiably. No one was listening to me at all. Someone said something and they all laughed. My song ended and someone said, 'Go ahead, sister, give us another tune.' I *did,* too. Then I slunk out and I'm sure they didn't notice I had gone.

"On my way home in the subway I spoke to myself severely. 'You haven't lost a thing, but your car fare, Jeanette,' I said. 'Four or five rude men can't make make any difference to *you.* You haven't been turned down because you weren't any good. No one even heard you. It's exactly as if you had never gone there.' I didn't quite believe myself—but it helped to boost up my ego.

"It's awfully important to give yourself pep talks, if you want to get anywhere. But you *can't afford* to feel sorry for yourself."

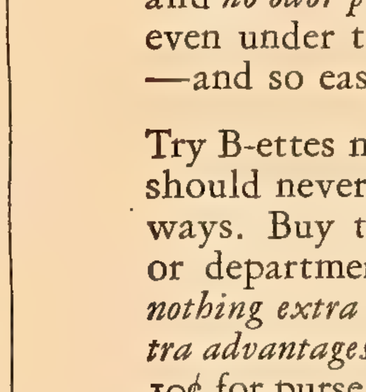
She had to be pretty stern with herself on another occasion when she dawdled so long over selecting a new hat that she was late for an audition and didn't get to sing at all.

"I let my own silly vanity cheat me out of a chance for a good job," she says. You gather that she is still cross with herself about it.
[*Continued on page* 64]

Greer Garson has had her share of misfortune, but through it all she kept smiling. "Believe in yourself," she sagely advises, "the rest sort of develops."



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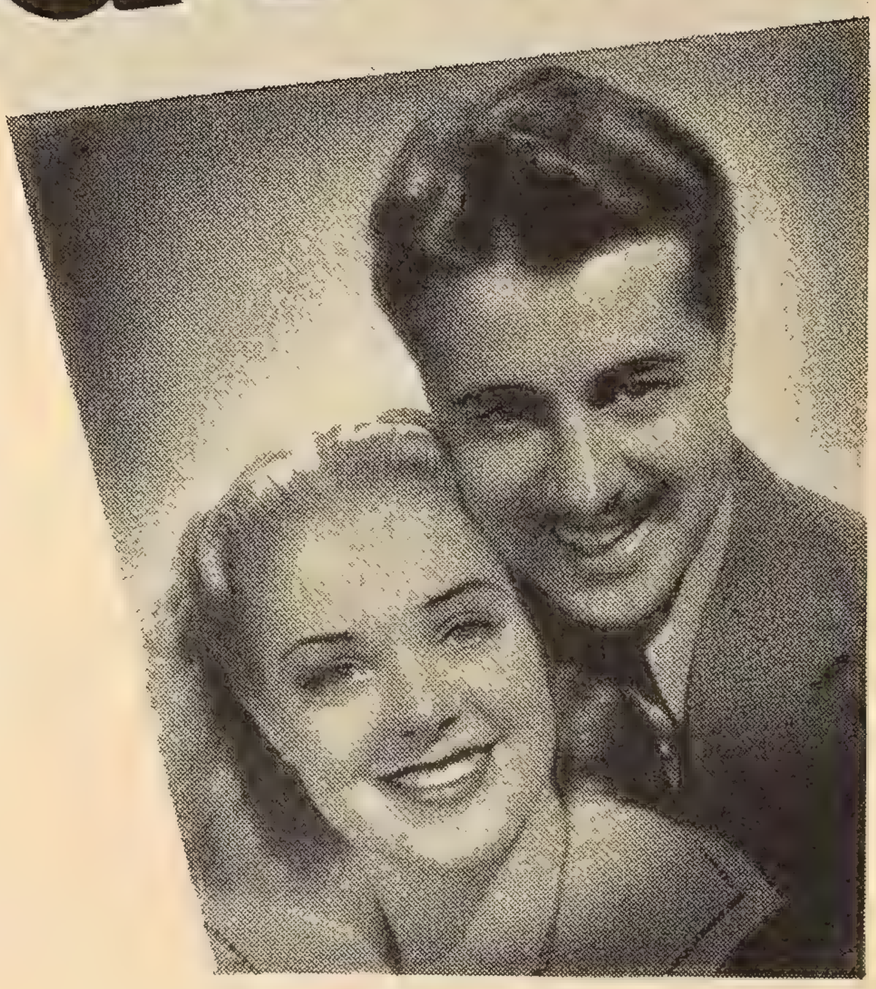
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Silver Screen

Topics For Gossip



Right: When our cameraman asked Bob Taylor and Joan Blondell to "look pretty" at a recent party, this is what happened. *Below:* Eric Rhodes takes a dancing lesson from Joyce Coles for his role in "On Your Toes," with Zorina. *Right center:* Edgar Bergen enjoying himself with Beryl Wallace at the Earl Carroll Theatre-Restaurant. *Lower right:* Felix Young, owner of the Troc, tells Alice Faye about the high cost of running a night club. Alice seems a little bit surprised.

WHEN long, lean, lanky, and very good looking "Ham" Nelson returned to Hollywood recently after six months in New York, ex-wife Bette Davis went night clubbing and partying with him and seemed to have herself a time. The gossip now is that Bette will not marry George Brent, but will probably call off the divorce which is not effective until December. Not since the casting of "Gone With the Wind" has Hollywood had such heated dinner arguments as they have had lately over "Ham" and Bette. One side of the table insists that "Ham" did wrong by Bette, while the other side is just as vehement in insisting









that Bette did wrong by "Ham." Anyway, the two should get together and make another try at matrimony.

Signs of the times: *George Brent doesn't like red nail polish. Bette Davis now wears red nail polish.*

One of the best laughs in "The Women" is when Mary Boland, as the rich countess, says to her maid: "Bring me a sedative—and put some gin in it."

Vincent Price had an amusing experience as one of Malibu's new residents. Vince walked out on the beach front one morning to discover all his sand furnishings missing—lock, stock, and umbrella. The following morning he discovered them all returned, neatly put back in place, all having been completely repainted and covered. Explanation of the weird goings-on was found in a note which read: "Sorry we inconvenienced you. We were supposed to have picked up the furniture next door for renovating." It was signed by a beach furnishing company. Vince did not receive a bill.

Dolores Del Rio is the envy of all the Hollywood femmes with her exquisite collection of rare hand-made, hand-wrought jewelry from Mexico. The sets were collected for her by Chela Martinez Del Rio, her cousin-in-law, who is visiting her here. If filmdom faddists get their way, Miss Martinez will become a permanent member of the set of exclusive Hollywood importers.

At least half a dozen Hollywood hair stylists are trying to take credit for Anita Louise' new coiffure, one of the smartest baby-bobs in town. But it's Anita who can take a big bow—it was her own idea, and she dresses it herself.

One of Allan Jones' greatest ambitions will be realized when he auditions for the Metropolitan Opera' first of next year. Jones received the invitation this month and will fulfill it sometime during his nation-wide concert tour which begins in January.

Left: **Una Merkel gets Robert Young's attention for a picture at the Cocoanut Grove.** ***Above:*** **Sarah Schwartz, who specializes in screaming for actresses, lets go with a yelp for Irene Dunne in "Modern Cinderella."** ***Lower left:*** **Betty Grable is all tired out after a bowling session at Warners Alleys and relaxes on Bob Hope's shoulder as hubby Jackie Coogan approves.**









Above: **Adolphe Menjou, with his wife Verree Teasdale, certainly treats autograph hunters nicely.** ***Right:*** **Hedy Lamarr night-clubbing with hubby Gene Markey.** ***Below:*** **Leonid Kinskey checks on the literature a chorine is reading between scenes of "On Your Toes."** ***Lower right:*** **Priscilla Lane and John Garfield rehearse a romantic scene for "Dust Be My Destiny."**



And what about those long delayed Hollywood honeymoons? Carole Lombard and Clark Gable, after final scenes of Rhett Butler, finally managed to take a week off at Del Monte before Carole had to start on "Vigil in the Night." But the Gables are such home-bodies now (and I love the old-fashioned way that they insist upon calling a farm a farm) that they probably wouldn't have left their cows and chickens and tractors even for a week, except that the kitchen had to be painted—and after all you've got to eat.

Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck didn't fare that well. After re-takes on "Lady of the Tropics," with the beautiful Lamarr, Bob found himself with only a few days before his next picture started. They spent those few days at the Hollywood Baseball Park—Bob being an avid baseball fan, and Barbara being a loving wife.

Tyrone Power and Annabella were the lucky couple. As soon as the last scenes of "The Rains Came" were in the can, Ty and Annabella—right in the midst of furnishing their new home—hopped a boat for Europe where Annabella will have the pleasure of showing her husband her native France. It's Ty's first trip, and was he excited!

From Erskine Johnson's column we snitched the best of the Marx Brothers stories: Harpo Marx's two-year-old son, Billy, visited him on the set of "A Day at the Circus" recently and upon completion of a scene Harpo walked toward the youngster. But Billy failed to recognize his red-wigged dad. "Wa-a-ah," wailed Billy, cringing from his father and then reaching toward one of the animal cages on the set, said, "I wanna play with the kittens." The "kittens" were three Bengal tigers.

Leopold Stokowski has been sending Garbo orchids in wholesale lots, practically covering her in them, but it seems that Garbo has switched her affections to a famous Diet Doctor who spends part of each year at his home in Hollywood. And, of course, there is always George Brent.



When Greta I

When Greta's just herself and not the Great Garbo, she's astonishingly human, as these off-the-record incidents so well reveal!

Left: The fortunate ones who work with Greta know how horribly she's misunderstood. *Lower left:* With Director Clarence Brown. *Below:* She loves to get time for a swim.





IN "I Wanted to Be An Actress," her autobiography, Katharine Cornell tells amusingly of her first meeting with Greta Garbo. It was during the first run of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" at the ancient Empire Theatre, in New York City. The company had been thrown into a turmoil when an usher reported that Miss Garbo was in the audience. There ensued a great amount of peeking through the curtain, between acts, to determine if the lady sitting in Row C actually was Greta. Nobody could say that it was she or wasn't, and inasmuch as the papers at the time were full of stories that a double for Garbo was in New York, the company believed generally that the lady in Row C was a double.

After the show, the lady with the slouch hat went backstage, and introduced herself to Miss Cornell. After about six minutes, Miss Cornell decided that this woman was an impostor and got rid of her somewhat rudely. To Miss Cornell's horror, it developed the following day that the stranger WAS Garbo, and the apologies that followed included an invitation to Greta to have dinner with Miss Cornell and her producer-husband, Guthrie McClintic. "I can't remember," remembers Miss Cornell, "ever having a pleasanter, more *gemütlich* evening. We all sat and talked, easily and comfortably until about four o'clock in the morning. Miss Garbo turned out to be as delightful, as charming, as simple and as humorous a person as you could imagine. No attitudes, no pose, no star temperament—and such ex-

[sn't Garbo

By

Ed

Sullivan



bt: When Garbo t backstage to see harine Cornell, she so friendly they ted her as an im- er. *Below:* She has and sense of humor a hearty laugh. *er right:* She takes work seriously, but invariably gracious.

traordinary beauty—especially when she smiles."

This interesting revelation by Miss Cornell is pertinent for several reasons. It indicates the importance of Garbo, when the first company of the American theatre was thrown into something resembling turmoil at the knowledge she was attending a performance. It suggests the aura of mystery which has grown up about the Swedish star, an aura so pervasive that Miss Cornell, after six minutes of conversation, decided that the original was a fraud. It underscores the point that Miss Garbo is a pretty nice sort of person when she lets her hair down.

That she has a keen sense of humor is witnessed by Miss Cornell, and you can have the Marx brothers as notary publics to attest the document. It was during the run of "Animal Crackers," on Broadway, that the mad Marxes were told that the lady sitting in the second row was Greta Garbo. She was accompanied by a gentleman. On their next entrance, the Marxes peered through the spotlight rays and verified the fact of her presence. Harpo, as the curtain closed on the first half of the show, sauntered to the footlights, pulled off his bushy red wig and tossed it, with considerable accuracy, into the Garbo lap.

The next night, Miss Garbo and her escort were back at the theatre. This time she sat in the first row. As the first half of the show [*Continued on page* 62]

Pictorial Profile of The Pryors

ANN SOTHERN and hubby Roger Pryor live in Beverly Hills. The decorations of their home were done by William Haines, former star of the silent screen. *Left Center:* Ann and Roger are both rabid baseball fans, as is Ann's very good friend, Gail Patrick, seen cheering with Ann. *Lower left:* Both take a particular pride in their new home and carefully consulted all furnishing plans. Roger is through touring with his orchestra and has returned to picture work with Columbia, to Ann's delight.







Gene Lester Photos

THEY like to go night-clubbing, as you see on the right. Cesar Romero is one of their many friends and is frequently seen with them. *Right center:* Ann is in charge of all gardening and when flowers don't come up as expected she's heartbroken. *Below and lower left:* With their adopted son, David, who is twelve years old. These are the first pictures they have ever allowed to be taken of him. They adopted him two years ago in Texas where Ann was on a personal appearance tour. He has the most charming manners of any little boy in Hollywood and is simply crazy about the Lone Ranger. He loves music. Which is fine because Roger's dad is Arthur Pryor famous band leader and composer, and Roger, himself, plays several instruments. Besides, Ann's mother is Mrs. Annette de-Lake, celebrated soprano and coach of many movie stars, including Ann. M-G-M wanted Ann to make a picture in England, following her great success in "Maisie," but she likes her home and family too much and talked M-G-M out of the idea.







Gilding "Golden Boy"

By James Reid

William Holden is Hollywood's most famous "unknown." Although inexperienced, he's entrusted with the highly important title role in "Golden Boy."





PATRICIA MORISON

Paramount is considerably excited about Patricia, and no wonder. She's been doing marvelously well in every picture in which she appears, including her latest effort, "The Magnificent Fraud." She was born in New York City of English parents. Has an excellent singing voice, designs her own clothes and has the longest hair of any actress in the movie colony.

Love Knows No Season



Above: Lana Turner turn
on the glamour for the ben
of Lew Ayres in a scene fi
"These Glamour Girls," a st
of college life. *Upper rig*
Katharine Aldrich tries to st
the love of Jimmy Ellison fr
Linda Darnell in "Hotel
Women," but fails to succe



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Dextrose

THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES DIRECTLY FOR ENERGY

We Point With Pride to MISCHA AUER



THERE is no more beloved comedian on the screen today than Mischa Auer whose popularity reached a new high following his hilarious performances in "East Side of Heaven" and "Unexpected Father." Mischa, born in St. Petersburg, Russia, 1905, has been in pictures since 1928. He's always been one of the most active players in Hollywood. He's as likeable off the screen as on. *Right:* A scene from his latest picture, "Unexpected Father," with Dorothy Arnold, Joy Hodges, Anne Nagel and Anne Gwynn.

The Prince and his Lady Fair



Nelson Eddy and Ilona Massey are co-starred in the gay and colorful musical, "Balalaika," a romance of Old Russia in which Nelson, as Prince Peter Karagin, falls in love with Ilona, a singer in the Balalaika Restaurant who, unknown to him, is the daughter of a revolutionary leader. But, needless to say, all ends merrily.

How Women Rule

They most certainly have the say and if you don't think so just read how the male stars feel about it

By

Helen Louise Walker

WHEN people in Hollywood get talking about who has Power in Hollywood, they usually do it in whispers and among small groups of intimates. There are certain Powers behind thrones and there is always that drab little man who sits in the corner of the set all day and no one knows what he is doing there. There is the inevitable blonde secretary of a Big Man and there is the brawny bodyguard of a certain male star. No one *knows* anything, mind you, but everyone has an idea, and they glance over their shoulders as they murmur what they have heard and what they really think about who cracks the whip over the picture industry.

It was in such a mystic and agitated group that a young actor—a newcomer, but a powerful one—suddenly raised his voice and proclaimed: "I haven't the faintest idea of who runs the picture industry. I only know that it's run by men. But I know who runs Hollywood's private and social life, who directs the manner in which Hollywood lives and thinks and dresses and eats.

"Women! That's who! Women!

"They don't have anything to say about how studios are run or how pictures are made. But, boy, how they crack the whip when they aren't on the set! Whee-ew!"

He sounded so doggoned bitter about it all, and he's only been here six months. I wanted to know *how* he thought women cracked that whip. But such a patter of discussion broke out that I couldn't make myself heard right away.

While I was waiting to get a word in edgewise, I kept thinking of something that Ronald Colman said to me several years ago. We had been talking about super-super premières. Those were the days before studios started taking train loads of guests to far points to view th openings of pictures. Premières in thos days were in the home territory but the were pretty strenuous, even then.

"Do you imagine," Ronnie inquirec with some heat, "that any man in hi senses would put on a white tie and tails buy fifteen dollars' worth of orchids, bat ter his way through traffic and mobs, pas photographers and microphones an searchlights, *just to look at a motion pic ture* unless some woman bullied him int doing it?

"If he hasn't already seen the thin previewed, he can see it on the secon night of its run in mental comfort an physical security. Maybe some of th younger fry like to dress up and escor lush young things on these occasions But a man outgrows it, I assure you Women don't seem to outgrow it. So sometimes, a man has to go!"

Ronnie had me there. I didn't know of a single man, over thirty, who would consent to attend one of those hectic opening nights unless some woman bullied him a little bit. But, down inside, I was wondering whether the men didn't like the fanfare, too. Just hated to admit it. I don't always trust the he-man posturing.

The discussion, occasioned by the young actor's remark, was growing louder and more confused. I wanted to ask some of those dominant-sounding males about Ouida Rathbone's terrific party not so long ago—the one for the Screen Guild—but you couldn't get a word in



Upper left to lower right: **Bob Young says even his daughter gives orders. Pat O'Brien says salesmen try to please his wife, not him. Jimmy Stewart resents men standing at cocktail parties. Ty Power enjoys having Annabella supervise.**

the Men in Hollywood

with a pair of pliers.

Ouida, of course, gives the most exciting parties in Hollywood and the entire colony, male and female, tumbles over itself to try to be invited. But this one wasn't really Ouida's own. She and a group of women dreamed it up and it was for Charity and it was to be great fun, and they expected all the bigwigs to come and spend money freely.

And the men? Goodness! They got tickets. They came. They frolicked until the dawn and they spent their money by the hatful.

And the last guests who straggled cheerfully away in the rays of the rising sun were almost predominantly males who had been "bullied" into attending. It was a woman's party all right. Maybe the men went under protest. But most of 'em went home under protest, too, it seemed to me.

But, of course, all parties are not planned by Ouida Rathbone, which is a pity. Jimmy Stewart had some remarks to make about the cocktail party—not very different in Hollywood from what it is in any other city.

"An awful lot of women want to give parties in the easiest way," he drawled. "The cocktail party is *it*. She can invite a lot of people and it doesn't matter much whether half of 'em or twice as many turn up.

"There are never enough chairs. But most of the women get a chance to sit down—after they've stood up long enough to show off their new clothes. Then the men struggle through the crowd and elbow and apologize and struggle back again with little plates of doodads, and then stand up and try to eat their own doodads and balance glasses all the time while waiters (men, poor things!) struggle around, trying to fill the glasses and take away the empty doodad plates. Everyone bumps into the man and says. 'Hello! How've you been?' and he says: 'Swell! Hullo!' and the little woman, all this time, sits comfortably and chats cheerfully with her neighbor about hats or something.

"When you go home and take off your shoes you can picture the hostess saying happily to her husband: 'Wasn't it *nice?* I paid off sixty-nine social obligations and invited a lot of new people besides, who'll have to invite us to parties.' "

He mused a moment. "Sometimes it's fun at that," he admitted. "You see people you haven't seen in a long while."

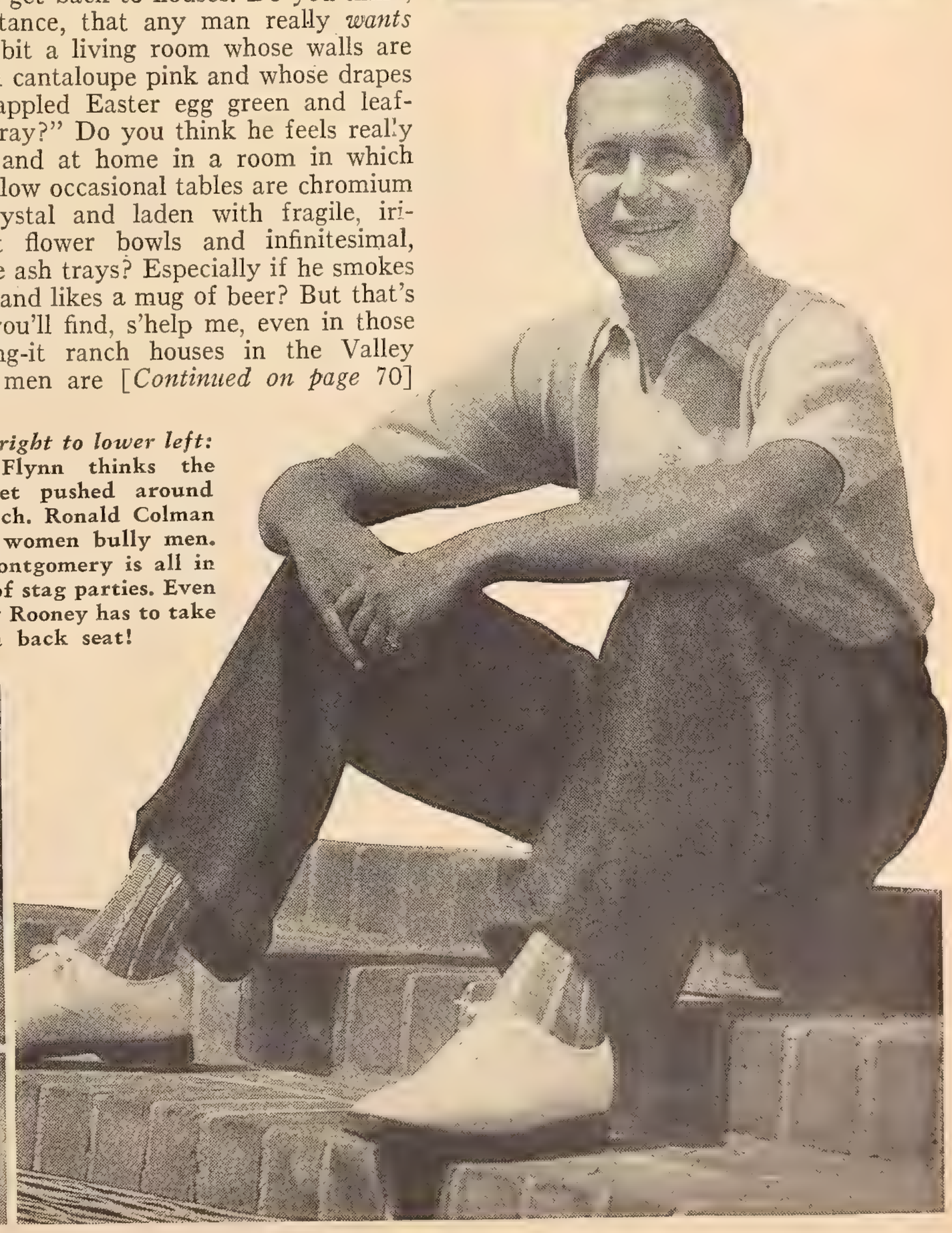
There you are! They get so bitter and then they pull in their horns. It's not just parties. Food and houses and tastes in sports and trips—all these things tell something of how the wind blows, whether Hollywood has gone *chi-chi* or not.

I have just looked over some notes about where people were three years ago today. Clark Gable was in parts unknown (up north somewhere) on a fishing and hunting trip with male companions. Ronald Colman and Bill Powell were aboard a small, rented, gasoline-motored boat, fishing or something. Lee Tracy and Buck Jones were bounding over the billows, sailing their boats in a race from Los Angeles to Honolulu (no women aboard). Gene Raymond, Lyle Talbot, Herbert Marshall and Bob Taylor were in desert or mountain hide-outs (meaning, no women!). Where do you think the boys are now? You know as well as I do!

Let's get back to houses. Do you think, for instance, that any man really *wants* to inhabit a living room whose walls are done in cantaloupe pink and whose drapes are "dappled Easter egg green and leaf-mold gray?" Do you think he feels really happy and at home in a room in which all the low occasional tables are chromium and crystal and laden with fragile, iridescent flower bowls and infinitesimal, Lalique ash trays? Especially if he smokes a pipe and likes a mug of beer? But that's what you'll find, s'help me, even in those roughing-it ranch houses in the Valley where men are [*Continued on page* 70]









Upper right to lower left: **Errol Flynn thinks the men get pushed around too much. Ronald Colman claims women bully men. Bob Montgomery is all in favor of stag parties. Even Mickey Rooney has to take a back seat!**

Romance in Reverse

By Mary Livingstone Benny

The wife of Jack Benny personally gives you the untold story of how they first met, fought, fell in love, were married and expect to remain so



Left: The Jack Bennys at home. They live in Beverly Hills in a house which Jack actually helped build. *Lower left and below:* Jack with their adopted daughter, Joan, who likes Charlie McCarthy and to play house.



IT'S funny the way Jack and I always do things exactly the opposite of what might reasonably be expected of us. Even when we got married we did it in reverse. As a matter of fact, to be at all consistent we should be getting married right now and working back to the way we felt thirteen years ago.

For on the day we ran off to Waukegan to be married Jack and I felt about each other the way people usually do who've been married for years. Nice and friendly and comfortable with each other. We were friends. Neither of us had reached that high plane of excitement that's reserved for lovers. We weren't sitting away up over the world some place with our feet dangling over the moon and our minds touching the stars. It took us thirteen years to get that way.

If I were marrying Jack today I'd be so jittery about it I wouldn't know what I was doing. I'd be any goofy girl so mad with love that I'd probably be setting out for the license with a shoe on one foot and a bedroom slipper on the other, and doing all the other cockeyed things girls do when they're in a delirium of romance. Funny, isn't it, that today when I suddenly see Jack, when I'm not

xpecting to see him, my heart goes scoot-
ng right up to the place where my head
ould be if I had one? But I haven't.
've lost it completely over Jack.

But I had my head on my shoulders
hat day I got married. And I'm certainly
lad I did. For it helped me do the smart-
st thing I've ever done in my life. Marry
he nicest guy in this whole world.

Now I can't understand why I wasn't
laying leap frog over the stars the day
ack proposed to me. The only explana-
ion I can offer is that nice men like Jack
on't usually do the things that get girls
ittery over them. What I mean is, when
nen do all the little things girls are sup-
osed to fall in love with, when they're
weet and attentive and their
ne desire is to make them
appy, girls, darn fools that
hey are, just can't get excited
bout them.

It's the ones who keep them
n the anxious seat who get
hem mooning over the stars.
The ones they're never sure of.
The darn little fools don't real-
ize how soon you can get over
man like that. He can come
n and out of your life leaving
nothing but a few wakeful
nights, a few tears on a pillow
nd afterwards only a blessed
ense of relief that he's gone
t last. But the other kind, the
grand kind, can leave the empti-
ness of the whole lonely world.
A man like that comes only



Right: Their daughter Joan
s five now. She was three
nonths old when adopted.
Below and lower right:
Joan loves to raid the ice-
box with daddy and to have
him read to her about
Donald Duck's adventures.





once in a lifetime, but a lot of girls don't realize this before it's too late.

Let the poets sing of love at first sight. But count yourself as lucky as I do if you get love at last sight.

It certainly wasn't a case of love at first sight with Jack and me. Annoyance at first sight would have been more like it.

My family was living up in Vancouver, B. C., then and my father, who was getting up benefits for this cause and that, grabbed off every show person who came near the place for his performances.

We weren't a stage family but just the same we often had about the best talent in the world sitting at our dinner table. If the Trocadero could assemble such casts no one in the world would be able to buy a dinner there. They'd be so expensive. But I'm afraid we just took it for granted.

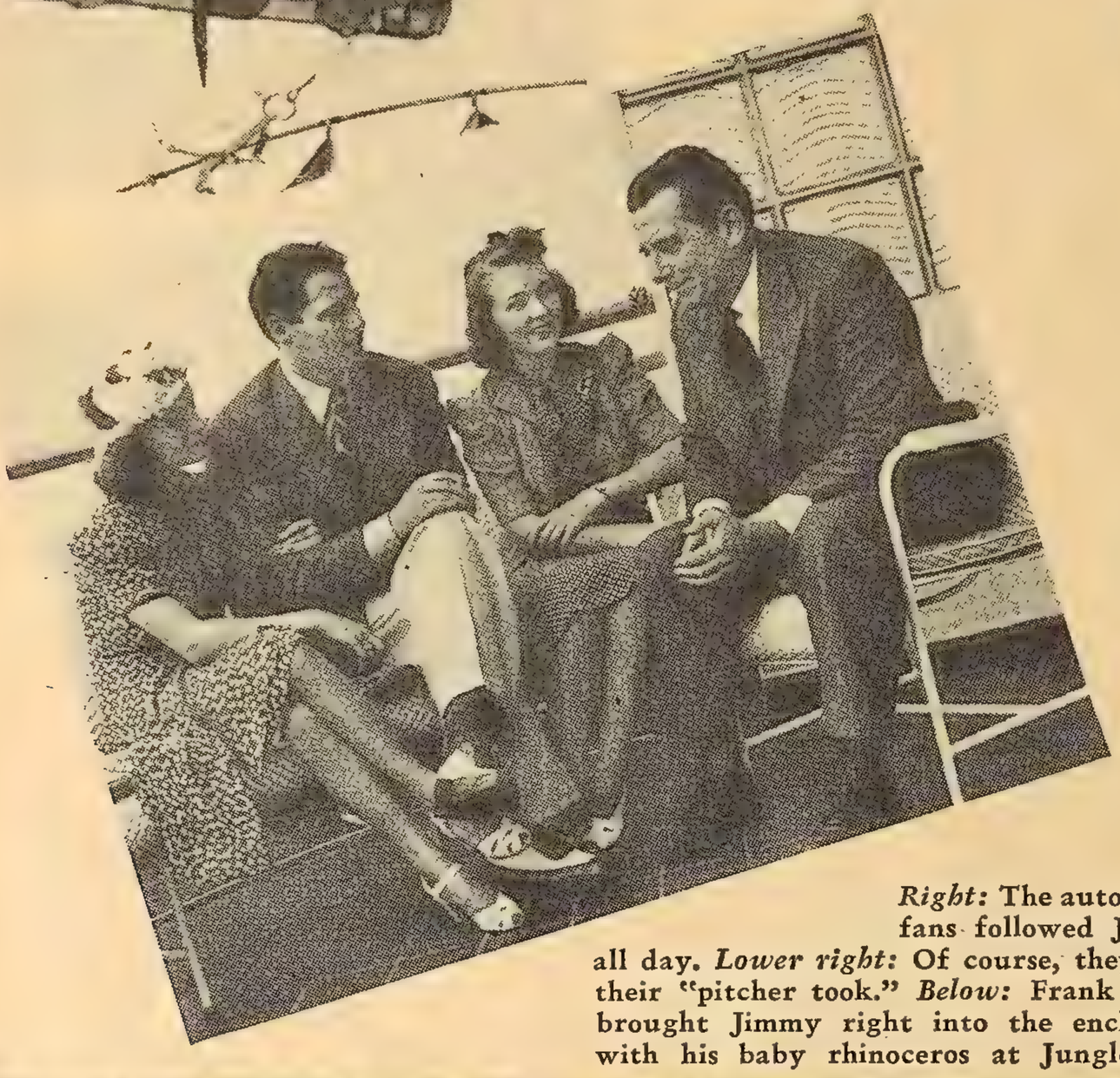
The Marx Brothers were steady customers for my mother's cooking every time they were in town, and we loved having them there for pot roast and noodles or whatever home cooked delicacy she decided the boys might like. I was a kid at the time and I'm afraid I didn't realize the stellar spot I was in. Of course I thought they [*Continued on page* 72]

Jimmy Ellison AT THE N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR



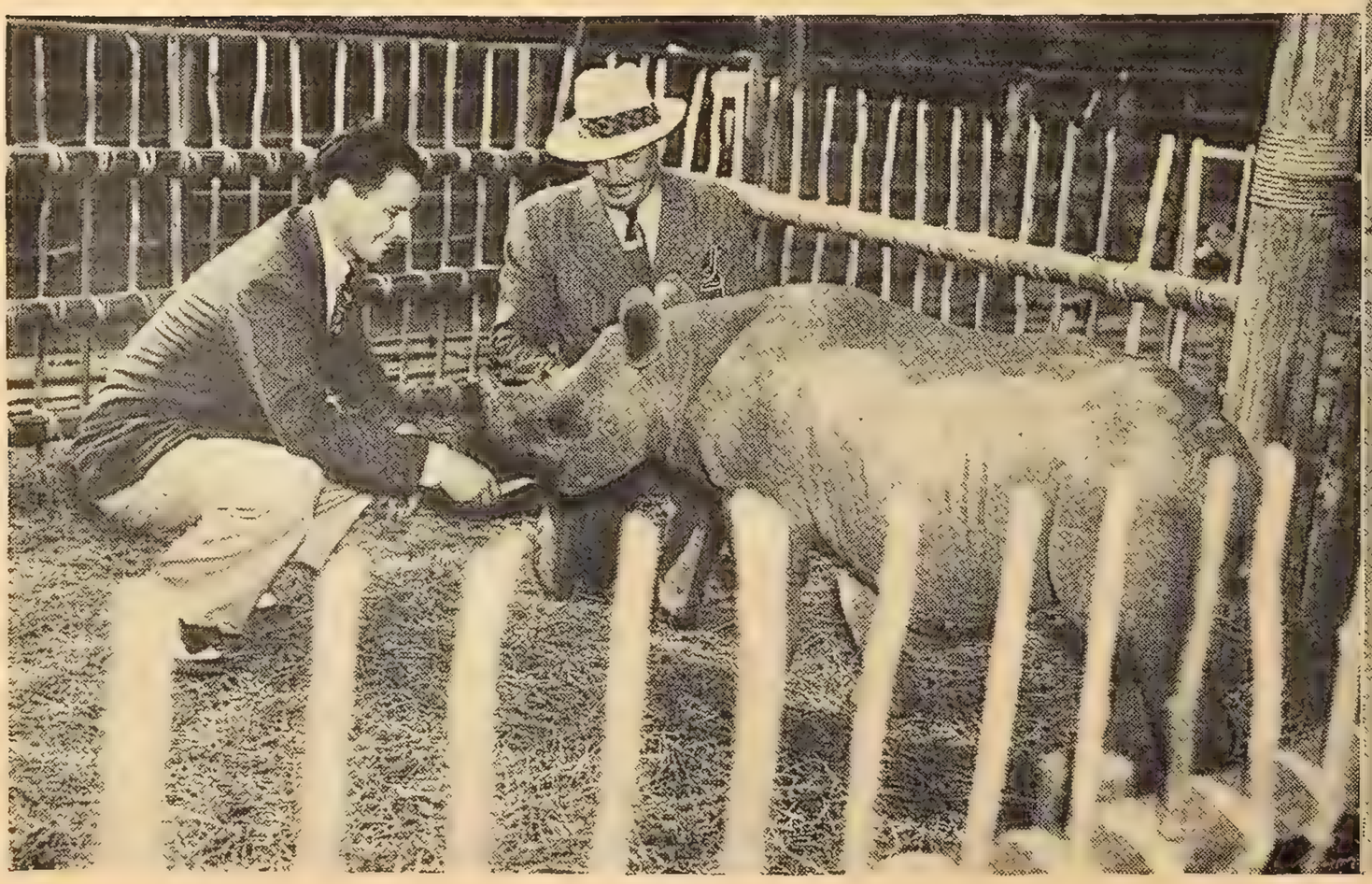
Left: Jimmy and his wife, formerly Gertrude Durkin, had no fear of the Parachute Jump. "Greatest thrill I ever had," enthused Jimmy when he got down. *Right:* Jimmy couldn't pass up the shooting gallery. *Below:* At the Ford Exhibit with Edward Everett Horton and Receptionist Frances Nalle, voted fairest of the N. Y. World's Fair girls.



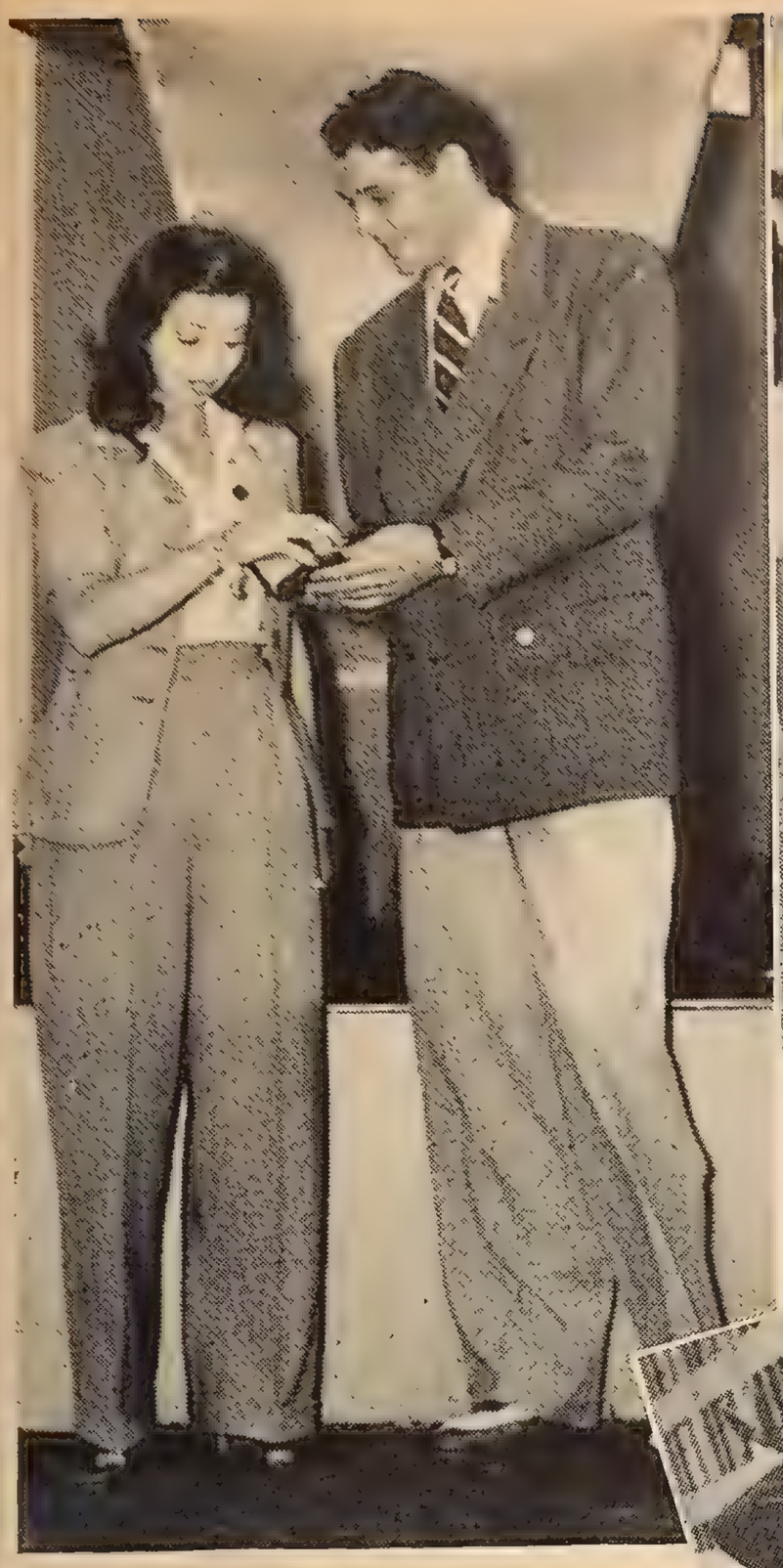


Right: The autograph fans followed Jimmy all day. *Lower right:* Of course, they had their "pitcher took." *Below:* Frank Buck brought Jimmy right into the enclosure with his baby rhinoceros at Jungleland.













RKO-Radio's Jimmy Ellison lost no time in getting to the World's Fair on his recent visit to New York and had the time of his life!



Above: Eve Arden, featured dancer at the Fair, greets Jimmy and he graciously offers her a cigarette. *Upper right:* The Sun Valley skating girls took Jimmy for a glide over the ice. *Right:* Jimmy and his wife took the Fifth Avenue Bus to Penn Station for the World's Fair train and he got several good shots along the avenue. His next offering, incidentally, is "My Fifth Avenue Girl," with Ginger Rogers. *Lower right:* Mohammed Ben takes Jimmy for a Camel ride in Frank Buck's Jungleland. *Below:* Jimmy's wife does her best to cool off his "World's Fair Feet" at the close of a delightful, but wearying, day. Yet he was back next day!





The Girl From the Five-and-Ten

Ellen Drew worked in a five-and-ten, behind a soda fountain and also ran an elevator before Hollywood finally took notice

By William Lynch Vallee



Winning a beauty contest was an important milestone in Ellen's life.

IF YOU'RE only interested in reading about movie stars who hop out of bed into a champagne bath, nibble at a humming bird's tongue and dash to the studio behind a police escort—drop this article like a hot potato and turn the page.

Because this is the story of a very natural girl named Ellen Drew, who once-upon-a-time worked in a five-and-ten and now is the coming thing in young movie stars. Miss Drew abhors champagne baths, spurns tongue and gets to the studio as best she can. All that the studio asks is

Having fun with a colt while on location



that she get to theirs and not that of some rival outfit.

Not to begin at the beginning, but on the day of her return to this country after ten weeks in London making "French Without Tears" with Ray Milland, with Miss Drew, at the moment, in the studio of one of the smartest women's magazines in New York. Wearing a terrific creation of *crepe de something,* she reclined on a low platform holding in her hand a glass of ginger ale and acting for all the world as if it were *Piper Heidseck, '28.* Darting about her and snapping with five different small cameras was Toni Frissel. Miss Frissel is a lady photographer and just about the best in the business.

"One, two, three!" she yelled, catching Ellen on the wing as she moved into a pre-arranged pose. As she wound up the camera, more to herself than anyone else, Miss Frissel muttered, "God, but she's beautiful!"

And it would be a worn-out old misogynist who would disagree with her. Five feet three-and-one-half inches tall, a neat 110 pounds, a dimple in her chin, blonde-hair-once-brown and sparkling blue eyes, she breathed the radiance of a ten pound hunk of radium. She was obviously as fresh as a daisy—or was she?

"I got up at five this morning so I'm a little tired," she said, lighting a cigaret. "I had to because the *Niew Amsterdam* docked early in Hoboken. London? It was always one of my greatest ambitions. I used to dream about London Bridge when I was mixing chocolate sodas in Hollywood. I know what you're thinking, but please don't call me Cinderella. . . ."

But what word other than that over-worked one can be used to describe the goings-on that went to change little Terry Ray, the daughter of a Kansas City barber, into Ellen Drew? The Ellen Drew who could, and did, play opposite Crosby, Colman, Raft and Milland—with more to come?

And not a lie-abed Cinderella, either. She left high school in her sophomore year and took a business course, thinking to be better able to help the family, now re-arranged by divorce and in rather straitened circumstances. Circumstances so bad that she was forced to leave the school and get herself a minor job at Marshall Field's, through the Christmas shopping period. [*Continued on page* 74]



Above: Ellen is as athletic as she is glamorous. _Right:_ with Preston Foster and William Henry in Paramount's "Geronimo." _Lower right:_ Chatting with English sailors during her London vacation. _Below:_ Ellen made the film, "French Without Tears" in England with Ray Milland.









What I Found Out About Hollywood

Upon arrival Anna Neagle was asked for "cheese cake." RKO President Schaefer greets Anna as production starts on "Nurse Edith Cavell." Anna knitted while she studied her script.

TO ME, it's symbolic of the closer union between the United States and England—this interchange of players, directors, technicians.

We are no competitor to Hollywood. We're just a small ally, trying to do in a little way what you do here in a big one. Big? It's colossal! (A few weeks here and you speak *Hollywoodese* like a native!)

Naturally, I realized there would be some differences in making pictures between the two places. But I hadn't the faintest idea what they were. I began getting a bit of an idea the day we landed in New York!

Herbert Wilcox, the producer-director, was bringing us to RKO to make "Nurse Edith Cavell" and all the way over I had been reading books about her. So, perhaps, I was in a slight fog, still lost in those early-war days, when the reporters came on the ship. "Okay, Miss Neagle," said a photographer, "now let's have a little cheese cake, please."

I blinked. Cheese cake? "I'll call the steward to see if we can get some," I said. How those men laughed! "We don't want to *eat* it," they informed me. "*Cheese cake* means that we'd like you to sit on the rail, cross your knees, and turn on the glamour for a picture!"

Making a film in America, I could see, was going to be a little bewildering! I had visited here several times before with my father, who was a sea captain, and once I had come seeking work. There were no ship reporters on that occasion. There was only the stern end of the boat and the great throbbing of the engines and a rather frightened girl who had just received parental consent to go on the stage. . . . I found a job in the chorus of "Wake Up And Dream." It seemed so wonderful to me I would have been content to dance on and on—but not so my companions. Every one of those chorines had astounding ambitions. One was studying at the Sargent School of Dramatics to be a second Bernhardt. Another had saved money for a college course so she could be a child psychologist. Suddenly, I was fired with ambition, too. That is what America did for me. The air here was charged with aliveness, *get-ahead-ness*. I went back to England and worked

The enlightening impressions of a visiting English star soon to be seen as "Nurse Edith Cavell."

By Anna Neagle

like mad in order to get ahead, too.

And here I was again, bound for California this time. The sharpest contrast I have ever seen in my life was between that stretch of desert—and Hollywood, just forty miles further on. You look out of the train window and see endless reaches of barren land and you realize with terrific force what the pioneers must have endured crossing that country. Then—Hollywood, lush, luxurious beyond one's dreams.

The homes here would be ducal palaces in Europe. The whole place is wrapped up in glamour. It scared me. Is it wise, I wondered, to let yourself get into a different world like this? Especially when you might have to return to the ordinary rub-a-dub world some day? There seems to be only one answer: *Don't let yourself live in the Glamour World to such an extent that you* can't *go back to the other . . .*

Hollywood is an amazing sect unto itself. Everyone "talks shop." Whether you are on the set, lunching at the Brown Derby, or sunning near the Pacific, you talk movies! It's fun. And disturbing, too, in a way, because you feel so out of touch with things outside. It's like living in a very gay pink cloud and wondering what—*on the earth*—is happening!

There's nothing like that in England. My little cottage in Shenley is miles from where other professional people live for the simple reason that we have no movie colony such as exists in Beverly Hills. We are merely an industry over there. Here, Hollywood is an extremely colorful institution.

And when that well-oiled publicity machine starts moving! Shortly after my arrival, a tall young man said, "How about taking 'stills' tomorrow?" Now, of course, I was used to that. At home we take "heads" or still pictures, too. In a gallery. And for never more than a couple of hours. But here—I arrived at seven A.M. to find an operator from the makeup department and a hairdresser waiting for me just as if we'd been making a picture. "We're driving up to Santa Barbara for outdoor shots," explained the tall young man. I thought it was just over the hill some place. We drove . . . *and* drove . . . *for a hundred and twenty-five miles* up along the beautiful coast line. To get still pictures! Why if you drove that far in England you'd be practically out of the country!

And quite as amazing—a young lady from the publicity department had ordered gowns in my size from the Los Angeles shops for what is technically known as a "fashion sitting." She had seen me only once, but she had my style down so perfectly that I bought two on the spot for my personal use. A charming red, white, and blue sport frock and a white garden dress.

When you see that publicity machine in operation you begin to understand why, in England, we know more about the Hollywood stars than we do about our own! Almost any English girl can tell you about Sonja Henie's favorite colors and what Joan Crawford likes for breakfast.

You see, over there during the whole course of making a picture possibly eight or ten critics come down from London to visit the set. Over here, we've had that many almost every day for four-o'clock tea. The other day one of them said to me, "You must find this life strenuous after working in England. You do things so much more leisurely over there."

As a matter of fact, the exact opposite is true. Time means nothing here. Because the American producer has no budget-and-schedule nightmares to haunt him into a frenzy of action. Over there, banks do not support the films and the financial backing is raised privately in most cases. Time, consequently, means everything. [*Continued on page* 76]



PICTORIAL PROFILE of June Lang

An intimate, taken-at-home photo story in which you really meet June



1

JUNE LANG, once known as June Vlasek, was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota. 1. She's a great one for raiding the ice box, especially when she comes home late from a party. 2. She hates to fix her hair and considers it a nuisance. 3. She's still pretty much of a kid when it comes to dolls, teddy bears and the like. 4. June's one of the most popular girls in Hollywood and has oodles of dates when not working. Joe Pasternak and Hal Roach, Jr., are the favorite boy friends at the moment. 5. Around the house, which is of Spanish style with 10 rooms, she's usually in slacks or shorts. She uses very little make-up and has a smooth skin. She lives with her mother.



2



3



4



5



6



7

Photos by Gene Lester

8



JUNE feels that she's a born comedienne and in 6. she demonstrates her flair for screwball comedy. 7. June loves to catch popcorn in her mouth as she eats it. 8. She loves to draw and if she weren't an actress she'd probably be an artist. 9. She loves dogs, walking, eating and long drives into the countryside. She has a riding habit, but never rides. 10. June owns two cars, a Buick and a Packard which you see her giving a polish. She also owns a bicycle, but is afraid to ride it since a bad spill.

9



10





Left: Alexander D'Arcy playfully starts to throw Arlene Whelan in the Pacific from the boardwalk at Catalina Island. *Right:* Gene Reynolds makes a pal of "Sucker," both having appeared in "They Shall Have Music," the Jascha Heifetz film.



Foto Flashes

When their work at the studio is finished, the players love to relax, as our cameraman finds



Left: Lucille Ball, last seen in "Five Came Back," likes nothing better than working in her flower garden. *Right:* Jean Parker could simply die dancing. Her partner is the popular Pat De Cicco.



So You're Going to the Movies?



What a pity the millions of theatre-goers don't realize how much more enjoyment can be had from a picture when you view it as if you were a professional movie critic. This article shows you how.

Then why not be your own critic? Here's how the nation's experts judge a movie

By Frederick James Smith

DO YOU go to a movie theater, thoroughly enjoy yourself and then, on reading your favorite film critic next day, find out you were all wrong in having fun?

Do you let your best friend persuade you that the picture you didn't like much was really very good?

Exactly how good is your judgment about motion pictures? Do you really know how to pass an intelligent verdict on a film?

Is there any definite mental tape measure you can use to pass upon the merits of a movie?

You'll have to answer the first four questions.

But YES is the answer to the fifth.

I put exactly that question to a number of representative newspaper motion picture critics of America from the Atlantic to the Pacific. I put it to a few of the leading screen trade press editors, too. And here are the findings.

What is the exact measure of a good movie?

Practically every critic said, in one way or another, its merit depends upon its ability to entertain you—and its measure of completeness in amusing you is the final measure of its merit.

"Ask yourself: 'Just how much does it entertain me?'" said Terry Ramsaye, the veteran editor of The Motion Picture Herald, a leading film trade weekly. "The function of the motion picture is to entertain—and only that. Propaganda, messages, philosophies, 'isms, politics, social theories are all something else again and have no real place on the screen. Does the picture *entertain* you? Then it's a *good* film. Does it *bore* you? Then it's a bad one. It's as simple as that."

A number of critics believe that suspense is a vital element in a good picture.

Honesty is another quality.

Freshness of treatment is still another item.

Smooth motivation is essential.

Practically every critic believes that story (in emotional effect, suspense, logical development, and freshness of handling) is more important than the acting or the direction. As Elizabeth Copeland of The Richmond, Va., *News Leader* says: You "should learn not to consider a picture good simply because it has your favorite stars in the cast."

Kate Cameron, who, as the critic of The New York [*Continued on page* 78]



Steffi Duna and her dancing are one of the high-points of the enjoyable film, "The Magnificent Fraud."

Reviews

Direct from the West Coast

SECOND FIDDLE

NICELY IN TUNE—*Twentieth Century-Fox*

TYRONE POWER, Sonja Henie, Irving Berlin's music, Rudy Vallee's singing, and breathless skating routines—what more can you ask of any picture? Ty plays a brash, but charming, young Hollywood press agent who is searching for a girl to play in the super colossal "Girl of the North" (*some mighty pretty lampooning of David Selznick's search for Scarlett O'Hara*). He persuades a Minnesota school teacher, played by Miss Sonja, to come to Hollywood to take a test,

[*Continued on page* 58]

THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC

TERRIFIC HEART TUG—*Goldwyn-United Artists*

MUSIC lovers will simply have themselves a field day when they have the grand opportunity of seeing this picture. Imagine the great Heifetz and his violin for two bits! But you don't have to be a music lover, you don't have to know a concerto from a contralto, to get pure enjoyment out of this picture which packs the most terrific heart tug we've had on the screen since little Deanna Durbin begged Stokowski to conduct the hungry musicians. The story has to do with a tenement district music school where the poor kids in the neighborhood are provided with instruments and taught music by Walter Brennan and his daughter, Andrea Leeds. Andrea and her boy friend, Joel McCrea, do their best to make the school pay, but of course they can't, and the night the juvenile symphony orchestra gives its first concert the creditors arrive, accompanied by police and moving vans, to take away the mortgaged instruments. But Heifetz to the rescue! The main character in the story is a lad, superbly played by Gene Reynolds, who, misunderstood and kicked about by his stepfather, is rapidly becoming a "bad boy" when he happens into a Heifetz concert at Carnegie Hall, and is inspired to study the violin—later joining Mr. Brennan's juvenile orchestra. His East Side gang are Terry Kilburn, Walter Tetley, Chuck Stubbs and Tommy Kelly, all of them giving swell performances. Porter Hall plays the heavy, and Marjorie Main is Gene's mother. Mr. Brennan's juvenile orchestra is, in real life, the Peter Meremblum California Junior Symphony orchestra. Heifetz is very generous with his musical numbers, and the close-ups of his fingers (*photographed by Greg Toland*) are really remarkable. Don't miss this one. It isn't every day in the week that you can hear Heifetz.



Above: Tyrone Power and Sonja Henie in the beauty sequence of "Second Fiddle," which is excellent filmfare. *Right:* Jascha Heifetz, who makes his film debut in "They Shall Have Music," rehearses with Peter Meremblum and Maestro Walter Brennan.

A PARTY FOR NAN

Nan Grey's girl friends gave a shower for her after she wed Jack Westrope



Left: The party was given at the home of Constance Moore in Beverly Hills. Showering Nan with gifts are (*l. to r.*) Helen Parrish, Joy Hodges, Constance Moore, Dorothy Arnold and Mrs. Violet Lois Miller, Nan's mother. *Below:* Joy Hodges digs into one of those dogs.





Above: Constance Moore grilled all the hot dogs which were a terrific hit. Nan insisted upon serving. *Right:* All went for a swim in the pool. (*l. to r.*) Dorothy Arnold, Constance Moore, Mrs. Violet Lois Miller, Helen Parrish and the guest of honor, Nan Grey. Like Nan, all the other girls here are Universal contract players.



Early Fall Fashions







LUSCIOUS forest green velvet is used for this beautifully designed cocktail suit. The jacket shows a shawl collar, cutaway front and gold braid embroidery, the skirt is slightly flared. Her scarf trimmed turban is of delicate yellow satin-backed crepe. Matching yellow suede gloves and black suede opera pumps complete this "must" in every party girl's wardrobe.

BRENDA MARSHALL, the new player about whom Warner Brothers are so enthusiastic, poses in some charming new models especially for us. *Left:* A collarless coat of light olive tweed has a fitted waist and swing skirt. Three large buttons covered with self-fabric are used for the single breasted closing. *Above, left:* Under this smart coat Brenda wears a shirtwaist dress of olive and beige striped tweed with high neckline and brown antelope belt. Her felt hat, gloves and bag are olive, her shoes brown kid. *Right:* Rose beige wool is used with excellent effect in this afternoon costume, with its simply styled dress and slightly fitted jacket. Her attractive turban is fashioned of the same fabric as the suit. Her accessories are dark brown.



IVORY chiffon has been exquisitely molded into this long-sleeved dinner gown worn so gracefully by Brenda Marshall. The bodice shows soft folds across the front caught into a stitched band, while the long sleeves are cut from broad shoulders and gradually fitted at the slender wrists. A dramatic coat of ruby red velvet has looped Juliet sleeves and flows out in a fairly long train at the back.



A LOVELY, foamy sea-green satin, cut on formal princess lines with a sweeping train, is Brenda's choice for a "very special occasion." A band of crystal bead embroidery in a leaf motif accents the top of the low cut bodice, while a bias fold of the satin forms a halter neck and is caught from arm to arm at the back in a very effective manner. An enveloping black velvet wrap is worn with this gown.

Pictures on the Fire!

Watching new pictures being made and chatting with the players in them



Above: A madcap scene from "Babes in Arms," with June Preisser, Mickey Rooney and Douglas McPhail. June is fresh from the Broadway musical stage. *Right:* John Garfield with John Ridgeley in a prison scene from Warden Lawes' "20,000 Years in Sing Sing."



IN "Porgy and Bess" they used to sing something about "Summertime" and "Lazy Days" and that's just what it is around the studios. There are scarcely enough pictures shooting to wad a flit gun, but what there are are good. First there's—

M-G-M

THERE are three big pictures shooting here.

The most important, I suppose is "Balalaika," starring Nelson Eddy with Ilona Massey, Charles Ruggles, Dalies Frantz and Joyce Compton prominently present. As far as I'm concerned this is Miss Massey's debut. I've never seen her before but a little bird (*not connected with the publicity department*) whispers that Miss Massey has it all over Miss Miliza Korjus. Miss Massey is supposed to sing better, look better and act better. That's quite an order as I saw Miss Korjus in "The Great Waltz" and she was good enough for me. Mr. Eddy and Mr. Ruggles need no introduction which is a good thing because I can't go on being *Pollyanna* forever.

Mr. Eddy has just returned from war maneuvers and, with his fellow Cossack officers, heads for the Balalaika Restaurant where wine, women and song are round in the greatest abundance. At this gay spot a new singer (*Miss Massey*) has created a sensation with her charm and beauty. Nelson falls hard for her, but she detests entertaining officers and eludes him. Even more, she detests royalty (*and Nelson, alas, is a PRINCE*). True love never runs smooth, you know, and it turns out that Ilona's father and brother are leaders in the revolutionary movement (*did I tell you the story is laid in White Russia?*). Actors can't always choose their roles and Nelson, the pure in heart, has to play the part in this picture of a gent with dishonorable designs on Miss Massey. But she shames him by taking him to see her mother, whereupon his better nature comes to the fore and he proposes marriage instead of a liaison.

To make the going even rougher, her brother urges the factory workers to strike and revolt. Cossacks have been called out to disperse the crowd and, of course, one of Nelson's men kills the brother.

For the first time she knows who Nelson really is and her love promptly turns to hate. From here on out her only ambition is to "get her man," and I don't mean with a wedding ring.

Nelson has arranged for her to sing at the opera the following Tuesday and one of the revolutionists has it all planned that she is to get Nelson and his father to sit in one of the boxes where the revolutionists can pot them.

So we find her and Nelson in her sitting room. She is not only furious because she feels he is indirectly responsible for her brother's death but because he deceived her by pretending to be a student when he was really a prince.

"I knew you wouldn't speak to me if you knew who I was," he explains.

"Oh," she replies.

"And that was how it all started," he continues.

"Oh," is again her noncommittal reply.

"I'm sorry," he finishes.

"But, Your Highness — why?" she brushes his apology aside lightly, masking her real feelings. "See what you've done for me. Don't I sing in the opera next Tuesday night?"

"And that's all that matters?" he rejoins bitterly. "You didn't mean what you said that night at the inn?"

There is a slight pause and then Ilona Massey Washington admits quietly: "I meant it. I loved you just as much as I said I did."

"And now?" he urges, coming to her. "The truth, Lydia?"

"Look in my eyes," she suggests, facing him, all her love seething within her.

Nelson takes a gander and then bursts out: "I love you—more *than I said I did. And there's something I've got to tell you. Your debut will be the last time* Captain *Peter Karagin will ever hear you sing?"*

"Why?" she wants to know.

By Dick Mook

"I'm leaving the army," he replies quietly. "Russian officers can't marry lovely girls like you. That shows you how much the army's worth and (taking her in his arms) *that shows how much* you're *worth."*

So once again Love Conquers All even though there is still many a long foot of film to be unreeled before they find the happiness the scenario writers have in store for them—until he again starts chasing happiness with Jeanette MacDonald in his next opus.

Miss Rosalind Russell (*having finished "The Women"*) is visiting on the set with some friends from out of town. She introduces them to Nelson and I will say there are few stars in the business more gracious to people in whom he hasn't the slightest interest than Nelson. He is so charming that to watch him you would think something had been lacking in his life until these people came along. And do they love it!

* * *





Above: **Director Raoul Walsh discusses a battlefield scene with Jeffrey Lynn, James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart for "The Roaring Twenties." *Left:* Basil Rathbone with Ida Lupino in "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." *Below:* Alice Faye slaps a pie into Buster Keaton's face in a scene for "Hollywood Cavalcade."**

IT'S a far cry from the tender sentiment of "Balalaika" to the turmoil and crazy antics of those zanies—The Marx Brothers—in "A Day At The Circus," but I make it by walking next door.

I have often said that it would take a Philadelphia lawyer to unravel the plot of a Marx Brothers picture, but that doesn't hold good this time. Here is a well defined plot and if this isn't the best picture they've ever made, I'll stop prognosticating—but I won't keep still.

Well, anyhow, Margaret Dumont is the rich Mrs. Dukesbury and she awakes one fine morning in quite a dither to discover that her favorite nephew and heir (*Kenny Baker*) has forsaken society to manage a circus. She promptly disinherits Kenny (*courtesy Mervyn LeRoy productions*) and announces Lucius (*her Pekingese pup*) as her sole heir.

Kenny isn't bothered . . . and why should he be with a salary coming in every week from Mervyn LeRoy productions? He has raised the ten grand with which he bought into the circus, but Goliath, the Strong Man, rolls him for his dough. Then Goliath, from whom Kenny borrowed the mazuma, says he has to have it back that night or Kenny must forfeit his half of the circus. Some friends (*Chico and Harpo*) of Kenny's promptly call in Atty. J. Cheever Loophole (*Groucho*) known as "Legal Eagle," who hasn't won a case in nine years, to save Kenny.

We pick them up in the animal tent. Three monkeys are sitting with their paws over their eyes, deep in thought. Groucho and Chico, also deep in thought, are pacing to and fro. Harpo, his hand pressed to his forehead, trails them.

"Some-a lawyer," Chico jibes. "You come out to halp-a Jeff (Kenny) and *Julie* (Florence Rice)*—and what happens? What happens?"*

"Come, come," Groucho replies disgustedly. "You know as well as I do."

They change their direction. Harpo is a little late noticing this, but when he does he quickly scurries into line.

"Jeff owes $10,000," reminds Groucho.

"Which he ain't got," it is Chico's turn to remind Groucho, albeit ungrammatically.

"Keep pacing," Groucho orders. They turn in opposite directions and once again Harpo has gone a little too far. Quickly he turns to catch up.

"If only that Mrs. Dukesbury would help," Chico moans.

"Mrs. Dukesbury?" Groucho queries.

"Yeah—Jeff's aunt (courtesy of Mervyn LeRoy productions)*," Chico responds.*

"The rich *Mrs. Dukesbury—of Newport?" Groucho persists. "Page forty-eight of the Blue Book? The forty year old Brenda Frazier?"*

"Yeah," Chico answers sourly.

[*Continued on page* 80]

Reviews

[Continued from page 50]

chaperoned by her aunt, Edna May Oliver, who has two passions, knitting and champagne. Of course, the little school teacher is a smash hit in Hollywood and falls in love with her leading man, Rudy Vallee—thanks to Ty's publicity campaign. But when she finds her love is not reciprocated she returns to Minnesota to marry a faithful farmer. But hot on her trail is Ty to explain to her about Hollywood's synthetic publicity romances—and to tell her that it's he she loves anyway. Sonja skates, to be sure, and beautifully. Outstanding among the six Irving Berlin songs in the picture are "I Poured My Heart Into a Song," "Song of the Metronome," and "I'm Sorry for Myself," the last sung by Mary Healy, a pretty young thing who is on the "build up" list at Twentieth. Stand-outs in the cast are Minna Gombell, Alan Dinehart, Lyle Talbot, and the Brian Sisters. It certainly won't bore you.

THE MAGNIFICENT FRAUD

SOUTH AMERICAN INTRIGUE—*Paramount*

AND here, folks, we have romantic and political intrigue in a mythical South American republic. The president of the republic has just been assassinated and it is very necessary that the president be alive the next day to sign a loan for ten million dollars from America. Lloyd Nolan who is very busy trying to hold the republic together hits upon the idea of having Akim Tamiroff, a French impersonator who is performing nightly at a tropical cafe, impersonate the dead president until the loan deal is signed. The plans are working out well until a French detective, Ernest Cossart, who has been searching seven years for Tamiroff, decides that now is the time to take him back to France for a murder charge. One complication follows another and poor Mr. Nolan has his hands full. There are some very bright scenes where Mary Boland plays a fading opera star, and where Steffi Duna does her stuff as a native dancer. Patricia Morison is romantically coupled with Nolan, and Patricia, I assure you, is very easy on the eyes, sort of a composite Hedy Lamarr and Dorothy Lamour—a striking type, decidedly.

BACHELOR MOTHER

GINGER ROGERS AND LAUGHS GALORE! —*RKO*

HERE'S the funniest and smartest comedy that has come out of Hollywood in a long, long time. Ginger Rogers plays a salesgirl at the Donald Duck counter in a big department store in New York City. She's fired on Christmas Eve, according to that beautiful tradition of department stores, and is out looking for a job when she sees a baby teetering on the steps of a foundling home. Thinking that she's doing her good deed for the day she takes it inside only to discover that the charity home attendants believe that it is *her* baby that she is trying to desert, and chide her something awful for her unmotherly denials. They take the matter up with Ginger's boss, elegantly played by David Niven, and she gets both her job back—*and* the baby. Nobody believes Ginger's story about finding the baby, so she says to hell with it all and assumes the responsibilities of motherhood. David develops an interest in the baby—except for Baby Sandy one of the cutest on the screen—and presently the interest extends to the "mother." One crazy situation follows another keeping you in constant hysterics. Charles Coburn plays David's father who has been yearning for a grandson for years and, believing that David is the father of the child, demands that he marry Ginger at once. Frank Albertson plays an ambitious-to-be-floorwalker and, with Ginger, wins a cup in a jitterbug contest that is a high spot in the picture. Ernest Truex, Ferike Boros, and E. E. Clive are grand in the supporting cast. Wait till you hear Ginger give out with Swedish double talk!

UNEXPECTED FATHER

SORTA LIKE BACHELOR MOTHER —*Universal*

BABY SANDY, who became an overnight sensation after her first gurgle in "East Side of Heaven," is now a star in her own right and gets top billing over such important personalities as Mischa Auer, Shirley Ross, and Dennis O'Keefe. But I must say success hasn't gone to Sandy's head at all, she's still the cutest and most appealing baby on the screen, and has all the womenfolks oohing and ahing every time she appears. Sandy plays a boy again (*she's getting to be one of our best impersonators*) and the story has her, or him, orphaned, and just about to fall into the hands of a drunken, disreputable uncle, or a state institution. A group of corny actors take over the care of Sandy, and two of them, Dennis and Shirley, after much bickering and whatnot make the adoption legal by getting married. Poor little Baby Sandy deserved a much better picture than this. So did Shirley Ross and Mischa Auer for that matter.

ANDY HARDY GETS SPRING FEVER

THE BEST YET—*M-G-M*

THE sixth of the Judge Hardy series has young Andy Hardy in the throes of the Carvel High School commencement, and spring fever. Andy and his girl friend, Polly Benedict, have had one of their quarrels because Polly has been dating six foot naval officers, and Andy is feeling pretty glum about it all, until he gets a gander at the new dramatics teacher. Then overnight he becomes a budding playwright and amateur stage star—he even re-writes "Romeo and Juliet" for the annual commencement play. He falls for the new teacher hook, line and sinker, much to Polly's annoyance, but discovers, alas, that she loves another. It's all a lot of fun, particularly the amateur play that the kids put on, and is by far the best of the Judge Hardy series. As the whole world knows by now Andy Hardy is always played by the irrepressible young Mickey Rooney. Other members of the typically American family are Lewis Stone as Judge Hardy, Fay Holden as Mrs Hardy, Sara Haden as the aunt, and Cecilia Parker as the daughter. Cute Ann Rutherford plays Polly Benedict as usual, and Helen Gilbert is as pretty as a picture as the dramatics teacher.



While on location for "In Name Only," with Cary Grant, Carole Lombard did a fine bit of fishing, not in the script.

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK

SWASHBUCKLING ROMANCE—*United Artists*

THERE'S nothing like a good dose of swashbuckling romance and adventure these days when everything is staid and dull, and too dreadfully realistic. Adapted freely from Alexandre Dumas' famous novel there's plenty of intrigue, swordsplay and excitement in this picture. Louis Hayward plays the dual role of the foppish, cruel, conceited young Louis XIV of France and his twin brother, brave, kind-hearted Phillippe of Gascony. Phillippe, born an hour later than the king, has been reared in secrecy by D'Artagnon and his faithful Musketeers, but is captured in a rebellion by the King's Guards and taken to court. How he wins the love of the king's betrothed, how he is sent to the Bastille to spend the rest of his life in a massive iron mask, how he escapes and eventually becomes the king of France and husband of Maria Theresa



Bobbe Treft reads the palm of Charles Boyer between scenes of "When Tomorrow Comes," in which he appears with Irene Dunne. She's telling him he has a *very* long life line, which seems to please him.

dark-skinned, and had no tan, Knight had to experiment with different shades of body make-up for the fight scenes ahead.

Bill's medium-brown hair had to be darkened. (That called for dyeing.) It had to be brilliantined. It had to be made curly. Helen Hunt, the studio's chief hairdresser, took care of that. Shampooed his hair, set seventy-five small curls in it, plastered them to his head with hairpins, put a net over all, and stuck him under a dryer—to Bill's excruciating embarrassment. He was completely surrounded by women players and Baby Dumpling. But he came out from under the dryer looking as if his name would be Joe (*Golden Boy*) Bonaparte.

For a brief segment of the picture, his hair had to be straight. That meant they couldn't make the curling permanent. He had to go through the curling operation every day he had curly-haired scenes.

Monday afternoon and all day Tuesday —when he wasn't involved with boxing and violin lessons—Bill was with Director Rouben Mamoulian, whose part in the gilding process was the most important of all.

The whole picture was to revolve around this boy. If Mamoulian couldn't get a believable performance out of him, the picture was destined to be a dismal flop—and Bill was destined to go back to oblivion.

I asked Mamoulian why he let himself in for such a risk, why he handed the role to someone so inexperienced. He answered, "Holden wasn't like anyone else on the screen. He was essentially himself. He had freshness, charm, a certain attractive sincerity. He had a relaxed quality that made for naturalness. All those things were more important than acting finesse. With those other things, he could be made to act.

"There are two kinds of actors. One kind, terribly intelligent, works out a whole part in his mind. The other kind acts entirely on instinct. Children, for example, don't reason, yet they are the best actors of all. They have a tremendous capacity for believing in a situation, in its reality. Bill had no experience, no technique, no foundation for reasoning out the part. I had to make the whole thing very personal to him, make him associate *Golden Boy's* thoughts and feelings with his own.

"First of all, I asked him to tell me all about himself, his past life. I was looking for some common psychological ground between Bill and *Golden Boy*. I discovered that Bill loves chemistry; his father is a chemist, and he started out to be one, himself. But, in school, he discovered that he wasn't getting along very fast or very far—which was why he switched to acting. I couldn't ask any better parallel than this. *Golden Boy* loves the violin, but picks up fighting as a short-cut to fame.

"After this discovery, I could make Bill believe in *Golden Boy's* constant battle with himself, feel it, act it out."

Mamoulian made another revelation.

"A part is like a suit of clothes. A man looks good in neither one, unless he fits it and it fits him. Up to a certain point, an actor must fit a part; beyond that point, the part must be made to fit him. We made changes in *Golden Boy*, to fit Bill.

"On the screen, you will see an uncanny thing. *Golden Boy* actually grows, matures, under your very eyes. It is easy to grow old, with a change of make-up, a change of posture, a change of voice. It is more difficult to mature. Unless that happens inside, nothing shows. No star could have put this across as Bill does. This thing, you see, was actually happening to him. The story covers a period of two years. And he crowded two years of living into the few weeks of production."

Daily, at 7:30 a. m., he had to report to the make-up department, stay there an hour. At 8:30, he had to be on the set to rehearse his lines with Dialogue Director Hugh MacMullan, hired for his exclusive benefit. At the same time he had to practice Italian gestures, supervised by Mario, the restaurateur, drafted by Mamoulian for the purpose. At 9, he began work—with a flock of experienced troupers. When lunch time came, he had an interview, if he didn't have a portrait sitting. He worked all afternoon till 6. Then for an hour he practiced the violin, facing a mirror—under the watchful eye of Morris Stoloff. From 7 to 7:30 he had dinner. After a half-hour siesta, he had a boxing workout with Abe Roth till 10. Then he had to learn his dialogue for the next day.

The first two days of that, he ran a temperature of 102. Mamoulian rearranged the shooting schedule to give him three days to rest up. From then on, he was equal to the strain.

No other "unknown" has ever been asked to work so hard. But you haven't heard any howls of complaint from Bill. He is fully aware that no other "unknown" has ever had such opportunities to become famous, with help eighteen hours a day from experts.

It would have been simple for troupers like Barabara Stanwyck and Adolphe Menjou to steal scenes from the inexperienced newcomer. But they didn't. They joined in the conspiracy to gild and glorify him. The success of the picture, and their participation in it, depended on how well the boy shaped up. They took him aside, gave him tips. They constantly threw scenes his way.

And it doesn't look as if everybody's efforts were in vain. When unknown William Holden was signed for the title role of "Golden Boy," Producer Harry Cohn thoughtfully added three weeks to the shooting schedule. They finished three days ahead of the original schedule.

Mamoulian asked Bill, at their first meeting, why he hadn't tried for the role. Bill said, "It never occurred to me that I stood a chance." Just so, he doesn't believe now in the proportions of his success.

Paramount signed him originally for $50 a week. He's getting more now. But so little more that someone asked him the other day if he didn't resent his small salary. Bill shook his head, grinned. "Say, I know fellows who'd *give* twice what I'm *getting*, to have this chance."

For all the gilding, *Golden Boy* still has his feet on the ground.

When Greta Isn't Garbo

[Continued from page 23]

was about to end, she and her companion revealed red wigs in their hands and scaled them across the footlights at Harpo. So the Swedish actress can take it and she can dish it out. Unfortunately for the movie public, and perhaps fortunately for her, she has isolated herself so completely from the bourgeoisie that these warmer aspects of her personality fail to project.

It was on September 10, 1925, that Greta Garbo detrained with Director Mauritz Stiller at Pasadena. Swedish residents of Los Angeles and Larry Barbier, Larry Hughes and other members of the M-G-M publicity department met them. The actress was presented with a bouquet of California flowers by a tiny Swedish girl, as the cameras clicked. Miss Garbo thanked her in German and the conversation was carried on in that tongue, Director Stiller interpreting.

Apparently timid, Miss Garbo said that New York City had disappointed her. The grime and smoke and heat of the city had left her limp, and the absence of trees in the New York streets astonished her. She said that she had spent most of her time in New York in a tub of cold water because of the heat. Stiller, who had directed her in "The Atonement of Goesta Berling," in Berlin, said that no definite studio plans had been made for him or Miss Garbo but that he hoped to direct her in Hollywood. In the meantime, they would live at the home of Victor Seastrom, another Swedish director.

In the fourteen years that have elapsed, the ones who learned to know her best were studio attaches. To one of them I have turned for the following intimate picture of her:

"Those of us who have been associated with Greta Garbo since 1925 have seen her in drama, tragedy and comedy that the world never has seen on the screen. We have watched her react to joy, sorrow, sickness and shock. Some of us have watched her from behind the cameras. Others of us have had a vantage position up high in the catwalks, where the lights are lined up. After fourteen years of working with a performer, believe us when we tell you that we know her better perhaps than she knows herself.

"One of the most dramatic behind-the-scenes moments in the career of Miss Garbo occurred while we were filming 'The Temptress.' That was in 1926, shortly after she had arrived at M-G-M. The set was a Paris street. Garbo was to play a scene with Antonio Moreno. A messenger from the studio telegraph office approached and handed her a message before we could intercept him. She ripped it open idly, and then froze. Tears came to her eyes. She excused herself and walked up and down the make-believe Paris street in long strides, her head bowed as if in deep concentration.

"Then, and mark this down, she returned to the set and APOLOGIZED to Director Fred Niblo and Antonio Moreno for delaying them, and the scene went on. It was not until the end of the day's shooting that we learned the telegram had notified her of the death of her sister in Sweden. And she APOLOGIZED!!

"Talk about a performer who is a born trouper! She has all of them strapped to the mast. Garbo can take it, mister. No whining, no complaining. With her, the show must go on, regardless. I remember when we were shooting 'Wild Orchids,' in 1929, I think it was. She came on the set in an Oriental wedding dress, to play a scene with Nils Asther. As she passed in front of the full length mirror on the set, she caught her reflection in it, in the wedding dress. She turned deathly pale and some of us rushed to her, because we thought she was about to faint. She pressed her hands to her eyes, walked slowly across the set and stood there for several minutes. Then, her composure regained, she returned and went on with the scene. She gave no explanation.

"But, later, on the floor of her dressing room, a property man found a crumpled cablegram. It carried the news of the death in Sweden of Mauritz Stiller, the director who had played such an important part in her career. There was a deep bond of understanding between them. Another star would have quit cold. Not Garbo. She's a trouper to her fingertips.

"Between 1927 and 1933, those of us who worked on her pictures saw a liking for John Gilbert develop into a real attachment, and we saw the final chapter of it played out, and our hearts ached for both of them.

"When Greta and John Gilbert started work in 'Flesh and the Devil,' they hardly knew each other. Then, as the picture wore on, we all noticed the sparkle that entered into their love scenes. Between scenes, they'd sit in a corner of the set, talking earnestly. We looked on with the proprietary interest and approval of self-appointed brothers and uncles, because there wasn't a guy on the set who wouldn't have fought at the drop of a hat for her. Then, one day, we noticed that they were speaking very formally to each other. Gossip spread around the studio that they had quarreled. The studio paired them up in a second picture, and they were still very formal. But when they started playing the love scenes, they forgot their quarrel and the romance was resumed. That picture, curiously enough, was entitled 'Love.'

"The years carried on. Sound came to motion pictures. Some stars were fitted for the new medium; others had defects of speech that doomed them. So, in 1933, we saw the last chapter of the romance played out to a dismal finish. Greta had insisted on having John Gilbert for 'Queen Christina,' although in the meantime, he had married Ina Claire and separated from her. To those of us who had worked on 'Flesh and the Devil,' and remembered Gilbert in 1927, this man we saw in 'Queen Christina' was a shock. Instead of the gay John Gilbert we had known, this Gilbert was downcast and morose. I don't think Greta ever played a more thrilling scene than she staged for him—to illuminate his moodiness, she knocked herself out trying to be gay. Often we saw her watching him, when he didn't realize her eyes were upon him. There was pain and pity in her eyes, as though a bittersweet memory was taunting her. Gilbert never reacted to her efforts. He seemed like a man who had been floored by life, and was too tired to make the effort to get up from the canvas and continue the fight.

"Every time I hear a band play 'None But the Lonely Heart,' I think of Greta and John Gilbert. In silent pictures, we always had an organ and a violin on the set to get a performer in mood. She always asked for that song. On the last day of 'Queen Christina,' she asked for it over and over again, and I think we knew what she was thinking.

"She used to speak through an interpreter named Sven Borg then, while earnestly studying English. One day we were doing water stuff, and she had to be drenched time and again in a flood. Monta Bell, the director, remarked that she probably wouldn't mind it, 'coming from the eternally cold country of Sweden.' Borg interpreted, and she launched a flood of Swedish. When she stopped Borg reported that she'd vigorously denied Sweden was cold, and told all about its lovely climate, its beauty, and so on. Borg said it was a regular Chamber of Commerce oration. She used to try out her new English on the company. The first English she learned was slang. I remember how proud she was when she could say 'applesauce,' in high slang favor at the time.

"We had a speedboat on location at Catalina for 'The Single Standard.' She used to run it about the bay, dressed in men's flannels, her hair streaming, and laughing happily. We had a yacht in the picture, too. One day while we were working on deck, somebody arrived from the mainland with an afternoon paper. He handed it to Garbo. She turned white as she glanced at it, then read with interest. Finally, she smiled, handed back the paper and thanked the lender. Then she resumed her gayety and was literally the life of the party. What she'd read was the account of John Gilbert's marriage in Las Vegas to Ina Claire. It didn't seem to worry her. She often spoke about him on location and said she wished both of them every happiness.

"When Miss Claire recently joined the 'Ninotschka' company, she and Miss Garbo met, and became instant friends. I watched them laughing and joking together every day. Miss Garbo gave Miss Claire a fruit juice diet she sometimes uses and they drank fruit juice together between scenes. When Mickey Whalen's orchestra was on the set, Miss Claire tap danced to 'Broadway Rhythm,' to Garbo's great delight. We don't know whether they talked about Gilbert.

"Herbert Marshall was having make-up trouble one day. The cameraman insisted that it was a shade too dark, and would contrast too much with Miss Garbo's. She heard the argument in her stage dressing room and came out. 'What's this nonsense about make-up?' she asked. 'If your make-up's dark, Mr. Marshall, I'll just change mine.' And she did.

"She's always doing considerate things

(*Continued on page 66*)

Among the Social Lights — BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS



Star of Society Pages—Mrs. John Roosevelt is the former Anne Clark, charming young member of prominent Massachusetts family. Has been constantly in the public eye since her marriage.

Frequent Hyde Park Visitor—On broad lawns of traditional Roosevelt estate, she pats "Sandy" while "Schean" looks downcast.

Modern Mansion—Mrs. Roosevelt graciously poses in doorway of her mother's fashionable Nahant, Mass., home.

But they both praise the NEW "SKIN-VITAMIN" care a famous cream maker gives today*

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:
Mrs. Roosevelt, do you give your complexion special care?

ANSWER:
"If 'special' means complicated and expensive—no! But I do use 2 creams. I've always liked Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing and softening my skin—and now it contains Vitamin A, I have a special reason for preferring it."

QUESTION TO MISS WRIGHT:
How important is a good complexion to a girl who wants to go on the stage?

ANSWER:
"I'd say it's one of the first requirements. Using Pond's 2 creams has done a lot for me, I know. The Cold Cream is marvelous for removing stale make-up—it gets my skin clean and fresh. A healthy skin is so important to me that I'm glad to be able to give it extra care—with 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream."

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:
Why are you interested in having Vitamin A in this cream?

ANSWER:
"Because if skin hasn't enough Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. Vitamin A is the 'skin-vitamin.' And now I can give my skin an extra supply of this important vitamin just by using Pond's."

QUESTION TO MISS WRIGHT:
What do you do to guard your skin against sun and wind?

ANSWER:
"That's where my 2nd cream comes in. When I've been outdoors, I always spread on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This single application smooths away roughness in no time!"

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:
Do you find that your powder goes on more becomingly when you use two creams?

ANSWER:
"Yes!—I believe in first cleansing and softening the skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Then my second step is a quick application of Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth away little roughnesses. That gives powder a lovely soft look."

*Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.





Backstage—Muriel Wright graduated from Maplewood, N. J., high school. Served apprenticeship with Provincetown players last summer. Just got her big chance in road show of "Our Town."

Between Rehearsals—Muriel often relaxed on picturesque Provincetown wharf. Above, a litter of kittens has discovered her retreat.

For Her Scrapbook—Like every budding player, Muriel eagerly collects clippings and pictures. Below, an amateur snaps her with boy friend.

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Pond's, Dept. 7SS-CVK, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tubes of Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and 7 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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Career Girls Don't Cry

[Continued from page 17]

"You learn from all these things if you really have what it takes," she told me. "After a while the setbacks don't hurt quite so much. You learn how to ride over them. . . ."

Lucky, if you can learn while you are still young!

There was Greer Garson who thought that all her lucky breaks were "miracles" and who didn't learn how to take the hurdles of disappointment at the beginning. Greer, of course, since the success of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," is considered a miracle, herself, in Hollywood. But. . . .

In her girlhood in England, she knew what she wanted, but never hoped to achieve it. She wanted to act. Her family simply "never heard of such a thing" and they ignored this strange whim much as you would that of a child who pines to spend her life walking to and fro on trestles. She was nearly grown and studying to be a school teacher when she had a serious bout with the flu and a sympathetic doctor discovered she did not convalesce successfully. He made Greer's mother understand how deep rooted and important this obsession really was.

The mere permission to try to make her way on the stage seemed the first major miracle to Greer. But it was none too easy after that. She didn't know the "right people." She had no entrée. But each opportunity seemed as miraculous to her as that first permission to try. She never was conscious of having fought for and won her chances.

At last, she found herself in Hollywood, under contract to M-G-M. The greatest miracle yet. There was a story waiting for her and a crew stood in readiness for her first tests.

She collapsed with appendicitis. She was trundled off to a hospital for an operation and another girl played the part she had come all the way from England to play. She convalesced and learned to love California sunshine and all the kind people who told her that there would be another role, "just as good" waiting for her. At last, the test crew stood waiting again.

Perhaps, it was nerves—the long waiting and anxiety. The doctors called it "flu." Greer was helpless and miserable and fretting for months. And the nice kind people seemed to forget all about her. White-faced, tired, tense, she set sail for England. Hollywood didn't know she had gone. Didn't know she had been here.

"I thought about it all on the boat," she said. "The sea, somehow, lets you think. All the other chances had been miracles. But this miracle had flopped. Fate thought it was up to me to do something for myself now. My turn to fight. An illness had helped me in the beginning. I wouldn't let one stop me now!"

Back in London, there didn't seem to be much to fight for. There was a round of theatrical engagements which bored her and experimental television performances which didn't seem to be getting anywhere. She thought she'd like to go to Scotland for a short rest. Just as she was about to take off, Gilbert Miller called her for a role in the London stage production of "Old Music."

Came another miracle. Louis B. Mayer saw her in that play and felt that he couldn't bear it if he couldn't get her for "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," which M-G-M was to make in England. Greer had spent months under contract to M-G-M in Hollywood. She'd never laid eyes on Louis B. Mayer. Apparently, he'd never heard of her, either. All she had to show for her time in Hollywood was the loss of an appendix and a lot of weight. And here was Louis B. Mayer, in person, begging her to sign for one of the plummiest picture roles in years.

Greer must have laughed and laughed.

She doesn't say she did—but, back in Hollywood with a terrific contract, she concluded, looking rather wide-eyed, "I know now that it's silly to get down in the dumps over bad breaks, no matter how bad they look. The chief thing you have to remember is to believe in yourself. The rest sort of—develops. But you can't afford to weep and wail. I'm sure that fright and nervousness caused my second illness when I was in Hollywood. Fear lost me a good chance. Anyhow—worrying is bad for your looks!"

Not all the setbacks in the lives of our career girls are professional ones. Some are acutely and intensely personal. When Wendy Barrie was first in Hollywood she was desperately homesick and lonely. She simply didn't understand the people around her. She found it difficult to make friends and she didn't understand the workings of the studios. She might have been alone in Timbuktu.

Then—she met a girl about her own age—a girl who knew Hollywood, knew her way about the studios, a girl who was gay and who knew other gay people whom Wendy would like to meet. Wendy was enchanted. She began to feel at home at last, to feel that she belonged, that people were not queer and unapproachable. She met amusing young men. And her gratitude to her new friend was terrific. She felt young and eager again and the studios no longer frightened her.

There is bitter and unadulterated hurt even now in Wendy's eyes when she tries to tell you a little of what happened. "One day I called on her and they told me she was out. I knew that wasn't true. I called again . . . and again. I wrote her a note. She had dropped me completely and without an explanation. If she'd been angry and had told me why and I could have understood, it would have been different. . . . But she wouldn't talk to me at all.

"All my happiness at being here evaporated. I didn't care whether I worked or not and when I did work I didn't make a very good job of it. I had to jerk myself up one day and say, 'You can't let one person do this to you. You've been too dependent on other people for your fun and for advice. You've got to learn to make your own friends and make your own decisions. You can't lean on anyone—ever again. You don't *need* anyone. . . .

"I thought that I'd never want a close woman friend again. That, of course, was silly. I think I still trust men a little more than women, have a bit more fun with them than I do with girls. But I like some women very much." She paused and qualified that. "Older women," she stipulated. One gathers that there is still some bitterness here.



Marsha Hunt with Richard Carlson talking things over between scenes of "Winter Carnival."

"I'll never be dependent on any one person again. Experience hardens you and takes some of the sweetness away from you. But it strengthens you, too. You can't have everything!"

A sad conclusion for anyone to reach. But Wendy is pretty young and I fancy that these scars aren't permanent. But she has learned from the knocks!

Lots of people would be surprised, I fancy, if they could know how many heartaches are suffered by girls (and men, too, of course!) who seem to be having everything pretty much their own way. Olivia de Havilland was doing well and felt happy enough about it when someone handed her the script of "You Can't Take It With You" and told her that she was being considered very favorably for the leading role.

That opened a whole new vista for her. The script, of course, was superb and the thought that she might play in an important picture under the direction of the wizard, Frank Capra, left her breathless at a startled glimpse of the heights which might be scaled in a few short months. It was simply too good to be true.

When her doctor shook his head and told her that she must have at least two months rest before she thought of facing a camera again, she screamed defiance at him.

(*Continued on page* 69)

SHE THOUGHT: "ANOTHER WOMAN"

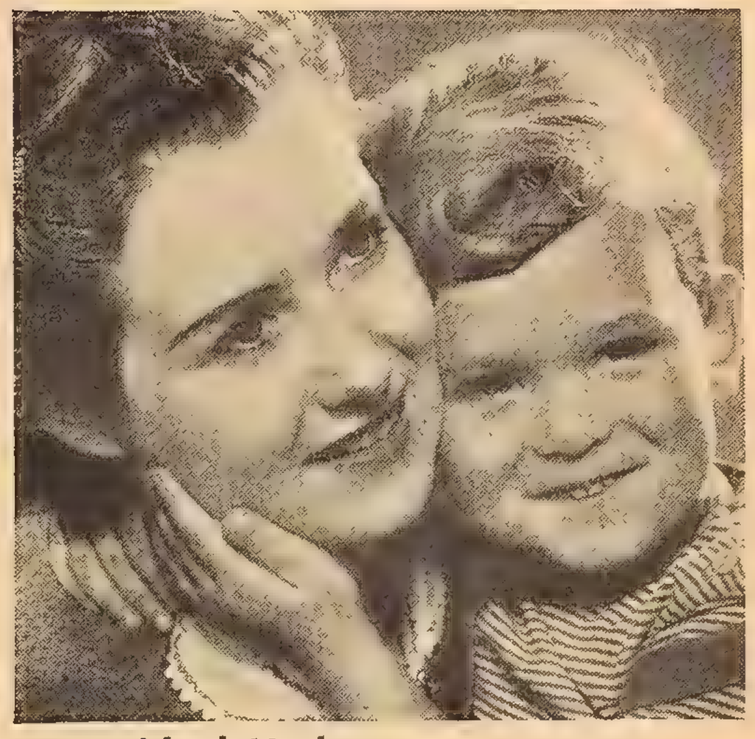
SHE SHOULD HAVE BLAMED HER ONE NEGLECT *



She was a Perfect Housekeeper. Certainly nobody could say she neglected her home. She kept *that* always fragrantly clean.



. . . a Wonderful Cook. She never neglected to have her *meals* tempting, dainty—and she always served them piping hot.



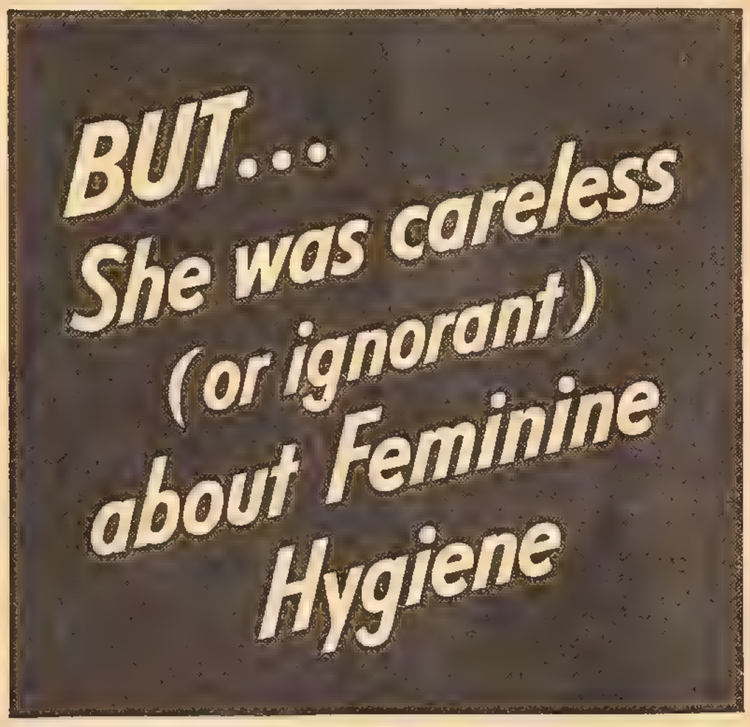
. . . an Ideal Mother. Her youngster was always clean, sweet, immaculately cared for. No one could say he was unkempt.



Yet he became Indifferent. Yes, it seemed as if the only neglect was on *his* side. She sought vainly for the reason.



She thought: "Another Woman" . . . the first and natural thought of every "neglected" wife. But in this instance she was wrong.



***She neglected** her person. The ONE NEGLECT no husband can ever forgive. She should have used "*Lysol*" for feminine hygiene.

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2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs*.

4—Economy. . . "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

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We invite you to visit the Beech-Nut Building there. If you're driving, we would be delighted to have you stop at Canajoharie, in the Mohawk Valley of New York, and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

When Greta Isn't Garbo

[Continued from page 62]

like that. No wonder the crew and company adore her. They were doing rain scenes for 'The Painted Veil,' in which she had to get drenched dozens of times. That didn't worry her, but she took time out to be concerned over several elderly extra women, getting seats placed for them in a dry spot while she went under the rain. During the filming of 'Ninotschka,' when Bill Daniels' father was ill, she insisted on his going to the bedside and agreed to work with any cameraman the studio named until he could return. It happened that Daniels' father died, but through Garbo's consideration Bill was at his bedside. She even agreed to work at night to make up time so that Ernst Lubitsch could take an afternoon to see his wife and baby off for England.

"One day a young girl managed to get into the set past the studio policeman on guard. She was selling handkerchiefs she'd embroidered. The policeman caught up with her, explained that she was on Garbo's set where visitors can't come, and was about to lead her out. The girl, frightened and embarrassed, started to cry. Garbo heard it, and emerged from her dressing room on the stage. 'Come in here,' she invited the girl. In her dressing-room she comforted the youngster, and bought all her handkerchiefs.

"She was gayer in 'Ninotschka' than ever before. Of course, it's a gay play and she always has thrown herself into the spirit of her stories. She laughed, joked, played games, and even allowed some visitors on the set; the first time that has happened in about twelve years. She likes to laugh, but we remember she once found it hard to laugh naturally in a scene in 'Queen Christina.' She tried several times. Then Rouben Mamoulian got an idea, and had a dozen extras stand where she could see them, and surprise her by making faces at her when the laugh was wanted. It worked perfectly.

"They were great friends, Garbo and Mamoulian. They used to sit and talk earnestly together, just as she used to do with John Gilbert. Later, there were romance rumors, but at this time, during the picture, they seemed only sincere friends. Each admired the other's artistry. She and George Cukor always met on that same basis. It was apparent when they worked together that there was a deep admiration and friendship between them.

"She's always doing unexpected things on the set. While we were making 'Anna Karenina,' there was a medicine ball on the set and Clarence Brown, the director, jokingly threw it at her. She laughed, caught it, threw it back at him and they played ball for several minutes. She likes anything that is exercise. During 'Conquest' Clarence Brown had a baseball on the set, and they used to play 'catch.' She throws a ball like a boy, and some of her fast ones blistered Brown's hand until he got a catcher's mitt. She said she learned to pitch as a youngster throwing snowballs in Sweden.

"I think one of the reasons she always liked Clarence Brown so much as a director was because he had so much confidence in her when she made 'Anna Christie,' her first talking picture. The whole colony was speculating as to whether or not Garbo was through, as a result of talking pictures. Maybe she was scared, too, but Brown had complete faith in her ability.

"She came on the set for the first scene. The dreaded microphone was set. On that tiny mechanism everything depended. Brown nodded to her to begin, and smiled reassuringly. Marie Dressler winked her eye at Miss Garbo to indicate that she was rooting for her. Garbo talked, completed the speech. 'Fine,' called Clarence Brown. 'Wait a second, and we'll have the playback and you can hear your own voice. He signalled the sound man to play the speech back.

" 'Gimme a visky and so-o-da—ginger ale on the side,' came the Garbo voice, and I'll never forget the look on Greta's face as she heard herself for the first time. 'Does that sound like me, honestly?' she asked Clarence Brown and Miss Dressler, and there was a real smile on her face.

"She always respected the judgment of Bill Daniels, her cameraman, too. If he advised certain make-up and lighting, she trusted his judgment implicitly. Oddly enough, Daniels became her cameraman through an accident and has been her cameraman ever since. Yet if it hadn't been for a camera tripod and an amputated finger, Bill wouldn't have gotten the assignment. Tony Gaudio was assigned to photograph Garbo's first picture 'The Torrent.' He slipped, while his hand was caught in the camera tripod, and a finger was nipped off. So Daniels was rushed in to pinch-hit for him and has been at it for fourteen years.

"In Garbo's fourteen years out here, periodically a foreign actress has arrived with a great fanfare of publicity and has been hailed as a successor to Greta. But, like the rookie ballplayers who were going to take over Babe Ruth's job, the Garbo successors never have made the grade. Kindest person to these 'successors' always is Greta. I remember Eva Von Berne, a Hungarian actress who, in fact, replaced Greta in 'Mask of the Devil' with John Gilbert.

"She didn't click, and I recall vividly the afternoon that the heart-broken girl came on our set. 'I don't want to go home,' she told Greta, 'and not be able to say I didn't meet you.' So Greta took her to her dressing-room and comforted her and signed a picture this way: 'To my friend, Eva Von Berne.'

"Perhaps something she said to Miss Von Berne as she was leaving the set is more revealing than anything else: 'Go back home and be happy,' Greta told the youngster. 'You don't know what grief and unhappiness you will avoid by leaving Hollywood. I often wish with all my heart that in 1925 Hollywood had sent me home."

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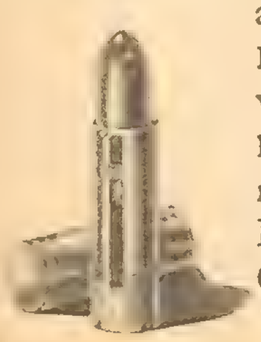


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MAGIC HARMONY! *Winx* LIPSTICK WITH WINX EYE MAKE-UP!

Your Beautiful Eyes

[Continued from page 15]



Wendy Barrie shows Greg Bautzer the imprint of her lips on a napkin. But he's been reported engaged to Lana Turner.

after which the face may be washed, if that is your routine. In removing, use an upward movement above, a lower one below, and never, never handle lashes roughly or rub your eyes hard, as does a child when it cries. As I have said before, blue mascara is daily becoming more popular, and is a good compromise for the blonde or fairer types.

Perc Westmore says that you can literally reshape your eyes with shadow. And until you see some of the stars ready for the camera you can have no idea of what shaping is done with shadow, because the screen effect is so subtle and natural. That is the way it should appear on us. Now, since eye shapes vary so much, generalization on the use of shadow is not easy, except for very specific eye cases. If eyes are close together, use lightly over lids, concentrating at the outer corners in fan shape. If you have an Oriental shape, carry this fan upward, which gives the eyes a lift. When eyes are too far apart, then concentrate shadow at the inner corners, fading lightly over the lids, to bring those eyes closer together. The deep-set eye will find that a light, shiny shadow used high on the lids will bring the eyes forward, somewhat, while too prominent eyes can be made to appear to recede by the same use of a darker tone.

Brown and grey-blue are universally becoming, but I think we can all benefit by experimentation. The pastel shades are beautiful, like spring green, aquamarine and there is even a comparatively rose tone—this for young eyes, only. If you apply it well, I believe you can use eye shadow as you would a jewel, as a personal or costume accent. For those who are not color sure, a very clever idea has been embodied in the Marvelous Matched Make-up sets, which, taking a cue from the color of your eyes, give you an entire harmony for face make-up. This eliminates guesswork and possible errors in your choice, because your eyes set your color tone, from hazel, green, etc., to the usual blue and brown. The products include everything you need, are of fine quality by the old and reputable house of Hudnut. You will find these sets in drug stores.

Not long ago, there appeared a new idea in eye make-up, Eye-Stick, by Hortense Van Raalte, which is a colored shadow (a colorless is also included) in a firm, stick form, which you use about your eyes, just as you use a lipstick for your lips. This is sold in department and some of the better drug stores.

Every girl should have an eyebrow pencil, whether or not she needs it daily. Since we have eyebrows again, it is surprising how a new coiffure or hat present opportunity to do little things with brows. Sometimes it is effective to elongate them at the outer ends. Sometimes, with an off-the-face hat, it is smart to brush them into a more distinct arch (you can do this if the hairs on your brows are long and strong, not otherwise), accenting their color a tiny bit with the firm, sharp point of a crayon. Maybelline makes some grand ones, firm enough to give a clear, perfectly even mark, and firm enough also to be sharpened in a regular pencil sharpener. They come in black, brown and blue—the blue frankly theatrical but effective sometimes with an exotic evening make-up for lining the upper lid, just above the lashline, then using shadow. This is an exotic Hollywood trick, very effective on the right occasion. All of the Maybelline preparations, by the way, get a big o. k. from this department.

Look for the beauty possibilities in your eyes. Do what you can to enhance them, never forgetting that your eyes are your personal windows. Others can see through them, which is a reason for pausing now and then and asking yourself: "How am I doing in my general attitude and disposition toward others?" For, if you ever had a chance to sit down and talk with your favorite star, undoubtedly sooner or later she would say that your inner qualities are something that last and take you places, even in Hollywood, and that your outer beauty is merely a quicker introduction to the varying qualities that are YOU, and nobody else in this world!



Claudette Colbert seems to be giving Fred MacMurray some sound advice during a dinner party at the Troc. She's making "Drums Along the Mohawk," with versatile Henry Fonda.

Career Girls Don't Cry

[Continued from page 64]

"If I get this role I'll play it, even if I have to have a nurse—and you—on the set every minute of the time."

When the studio added its veto to that of the doctor and she realized that she wouldn't be allowed even to try for the role—there was a truly bitter pill.

And she took the bitterness with her to the horrid, enforced, brooding idleness which was supposed to be a "rest" for her. One day a friend said, timidly, "Perhaps—if you'd tried to play the part when you were so tired—you wouldn't have done your best. Then you'd have felt still worse." Olivia thought about that for a while.

"Then," she told me, "it occurred to me that I wasn't quite ready for it, anyhow. I remembered something Constance Collier had said—advice to girls who wanted to act and who hadn't had a chance to try. She said, 'Get ready. It doesn't matter where you are or who you are. When you are ready, your chance will come. *It always does.*'

"So-o-o, I thought here I was in Hollywood with a contract and every opportunity to 'get ready.' Chances coming up every day all around me. How lucky I was and what a ninny I'd been to feel sorry for myself and wail over one lost opportunity. Maybe the studio and the doctor knew that I wouldn't do my best—and maybe they'd saved me humiliation.

"Now I know that I can't waste time and good red corpuscles wailing over one lost opportunity while I see the possibility of some others in the offing. When there aren't any more opportunities in the offing, maybe I'll worry. But I shan't be sure—for a long time—that there aren't. . . ."

They all, it seems, reach the conclusion sooner or later that they can't afford time out for sniveling.

Bette Davis is, perhaps, our fightingest feminine star. Her career has been studded with brisk and energetic battles. She thinks that the ones she has lost have been just as valuable as the ones she has won—in the long run.

"You think it matters a lot how the fight comes out," she says. "Some times it does. But the main thing is that you grow stronger when you fight—win or lose!"

She was fired, you know, from Universal because no one thought she had glamour or that she would ever have anything that would be worth money at the box-office. She and her mother bought tickets for New York and packed their trunks and bags to the last tooth brush.

"If Mother knew how hurt I was inside, she didn't show it," Bette said. "I hummed and remarked that it was a nice time of year for the trip. But you can imagine how you feel, if you really care about your job, to be told that you have neither looks, glamour or talent. . . . I just hummed. . . ."

The humming was interrupted by the call from Warners' to make a test with George Arliss for "The Man Who Played God." And the rest is brilliant history.

Bette says now, "I keep in practice for my humming. None of all this has been easy. I don't expect it to be easy—ever. I expect to fight and fight. But a sock in the teeth isn't going to get me down. Not ME!"

Even little Judy Garland learned that lesson, not so long ago, at the age of fourteen. Stranded in Chicago with her mother and sister, short of money and food, almost devoid of costumes necessary for their act if they could find a place to *do* the act. At last, a chance to perform and even the miracle of a small advance. They decided to eat in a restaurant, have a solid meal to bolster their morale. When they came out, their suitcases with the carefully refurbished costumes had been stolen.

"It was the end of the world!" Judy looks tearful about it even now. "But, y'know I got hysterical or something. I began to babble and the others began to laugh. After all, we'd *had* the meal. And we could laugh. Because we weren't scared any more we went to the man and he gave us another advance and we got the costumes and the job. That's the last really bad thing that's happened to me. But I shan't be scared next time. . . ."

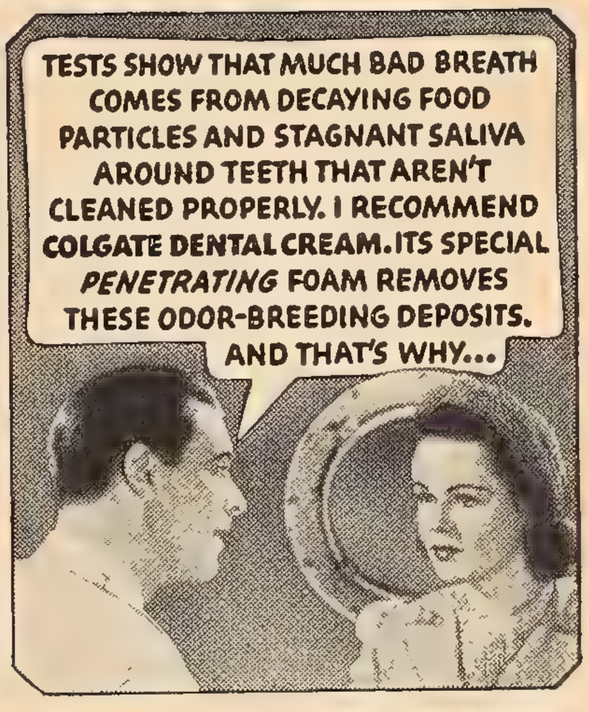
They've all had to learn not to be defeated by the bad breaks. Even the youngest of them. If you've had any bad breaks yourself, as of course you have if you've lived at all, you know how difficult that lesson is. The point is that these girls feel that they can't take time out for self-pity, can't afford to admit defeat.

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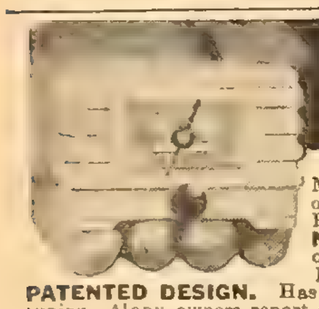






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How Women Rule the Men in Hollywood

[Continued from page 37]

men and raise horses and cabbages and alfalfa like everything. Old-fashioned femininity is the keynote now-a-days, one learns, and Hollywood houses simply foam with starched ruffles and polka dots and flower sprigs and little pink bows on the piano. I haven't seen a regular, masculine, leather-covered arm chair in years!

I wonder whether Annabella really meant it or whether it was just a honeymoon gesture? She and Tyrone took Grace Moore's house after they were married. I am told that when they were inspecting it and came to what had been Grace's, and would be Annabella's bedroom, Ty paused and hooted.

"Not that!" he cried. "It's too much. Not that!" And Annabella agreed in the most amiable fashion.

The cause of the Power hoots were the peach satin walls. So—the peach satin was duly ripped off and gay wall paper substituted. But I kinda wonder. Once a woman has *seen* a bedroom with peach satin walls—isn't she apt to brood a little about it all?

Then there is food. A visiting celebrity from the Continent asked me, oh, most confidentially, "Don't the people in Hollywood ever really have anything to eat? Everything they serve you at the most elaborate houses is so—so—wholesome. So—how you say?—UN-filling. I have never seen so many salads and so many vegetables or meats without sauces. Why is it? Don't they like to eat or don't they know how?"

Without thinking for even a moment I replied: "They're all on diets." Then I had to reconsider. "*Almost* all the women are on diets," I amended. "They give their guests what they think they will like and what they think the guests will dare to eat."

"Oh, I see! Then that is why almost every man I visit who owns a house immediately takes me outside to show me his barbecue pit! The men in this strange place must go outdoors to cook their own steaks and joints and eat garlic if they wish. Is that it? Inside they get only lettuce leaves and rye crackers. The poor men! Do they revolt by building barbecue pits?"

Well, it's perfectly true that almost every house in and about the picture colony which has a man in it also has a barbecue pit outside it. Most of the barbecue pits are used pretty regularly but I haven't caught a glamour girl toasting her face over one. Maybe a barbecue pit can be a symbol of revolt. Maybe. . . .

One recalls that when the Brown Derby first came into favor years ago, its famous and featured luncheon dish was an enormous hamburger steak, served sizzling in its own juice from its own iron skillet, at the table. But not for long. The hamburgers gave way to dainty chicken patties, with green peas and a salad—and a glass case appeared, filled with lettuce and fresh vegetables and aspics for dainty (and reducing) appetites.

Similar changes have taken place in the menus of every hearty, masculine restaurant which has opened its doors since then. Roast beef inevitably gives way to spinach ring with mushrooms or vegetable plate with a touch of shrimp. Now one reads that a "salad bar" will shortly be opened, featuring nothing but raw, fresh salads with "health dressings." The boys and girls can hardly wait. For the boys have been converted. Or have they?

Even so young a man-about-town as Mickey Rooney finds his path a trifle thorny when he deals with the other sex.

"In other towns," he told me, "dating must be pretty easy. I mean, she wants to go—maybe, and then her father says either she can go, or she can't. And there you are. Here, if you wanta take a girl somewhere, you find out whether she wants to go. Just like other places. But *then,* you find out whether her parents will let her go. Then you find out whether the studio she's working for thinks she's old enough, or do you have to take a chaperon? Then you find out whether her folks and the studio think she's old enough to have an evening dress—and whether she has it. Then you try to find out where she may 'be seen' and whether you can take her somewhere else, later, for supper.

"You gotta try to get an inconspicuous table for some of 'em. But there's the other kind, too, who's trying to get along and who wants to be seen as much as she can. You fight the photographers off for some of them and try to get the photogs to be good to some of the others. It gets a man dizzy!"

I pounced on Errol Flynn on the set when he wasn't expecting me. To my huge astonishment, he was as serious as the dickens about all this.

"Hollywood is the only place I can think of in which the women know as much about a man's business as the man does," he pronounced, looking positively ponderous. "The women are *in* the business. So it follows that there is probably no other place where men discuss their business and professional affairs with women as freely and as fully as they do here.

"And then," he wound up, waving his hand, despairingly, "the men get pushed around anyway! I don't know how it happens. But it does. Women decide where you'll go, what you'll eat and wear and what sort of damfool games you'll play while you're all dressed up. Life in Hollywood has ruffles on it. You can't win!"

He sounded so awfully depressed about it all that I just gave him what I hoped was a comforting little pat on the shoulder and then stole away.

Does anyone ever give a real stag party in Hollywood? Bob Montgomery gave one once for Noel Coward and no one was more surprised at its success than was Bob. "We just sat and talked," he marveled. "We didn't play any games or wear any funny hats or anything. It was wonderful!"

That's the only stag party I can recall

in recent Hollywood history. And that one wasn't very recent.

There were symptoms, a couple of years ago, when Hollywood broke out in a rash of trailers. Everyone bought a trailer and set forth to rough it in the wilds of Santa Barbara. They would get away from it all, they said, just like that. The men would hunt and fish and the little women, who were just plain old Glamour Girls at home, would prove their true worth by broiling trout, washing dishes and being real pals to their husbands.

Some of them must have tried it, otherwise the vogue of roughing it on wheels wouldn't have ended so abruptly.

Bob Young thinks that he added a postscript to that dandy Hollywood phase when he took his six-year-old daughter, Carol Ann, on a trailer trip. Just the two of them. Sweet! First night out, something went wrong with the electric system in the trailer and Bob's struggles with the oil stove did not produce the type of food of which his daughter approved.

"I had," Bob says, "some complaints. But I didn't realize how completely woman-ridden I was until I had her safely bedded down and she remarked: "'I wish you'd go *downstairs* now, Daddy, so I can go to sleep! I'm very tired.'"

Walter Pidgeon interrupted just here. "You think you're woman-ridden! You think only the guys in the top spots in Hollywood are bossed around. Listen! I had a good Chinese cook. Had him for years. One day he told me he had to quit. His wife wanted him to go into business for himself . . . restaurant business. I'll skip the pleading I did and the offers I made him. It was his wife. She said: 'Hollywood women tell men how to run business.' He left.

"A month later he came to see me. 'Please to take me back to cook!' he urged. 'The business in the restaurant is fine. But my wife say too much work for her. If you don't take me back to cook for you right away she . . . she leave me!'"

Humphrey Bogart mumbled: "We let them *think* they run us . . .!!!" Pat O'Brien protested: "I went to look at a new car and all the salesman would say was: 'This upholstering will be very becoming to Mrs. O'Brien's coloring . . . and we have the cutest crystal accessories.'" Louis Hayward announced: "I've convinced Ida that I won't play those guessing games at parties! She thinks I'm a trifle rude about it."

Bruce Cabot complained: "Women consult each other carefully about guest lists for parties so that the women won't be at odds. Then they invite a mixture of men which, well, which would be dynamite if they met anywhere else. They all want to poke each other. The women either don't know about all this animosity or they just don't care. So the men sit and seethe. Women are so sure that they are under control that they just let them seethe and think nothing of it. Sometime some courageous guy is going to let fly with his fists and then . . .

"No! I guess he won't." Bruce was very wistful.

I don't know what conclusion you'll draw from all this. My own is that women rule Hollywood pretty conclusively—and that the men like it. What do you think?

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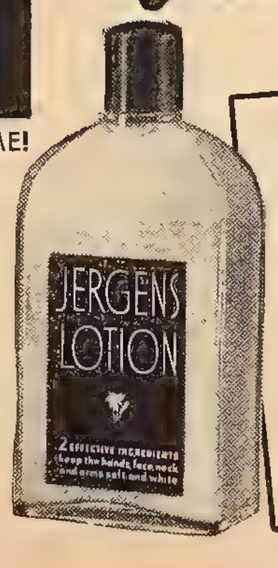
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Romance in Reverse

[Continued from page 39]

were funny but I didn't know just how funny. It was after I'd gotten out in the world that I realized all people didn't drip Groucho's brand of humor or play the piano like Chico or clown like Harpo. I just thought the world was made up of delightful zanies and I've never quite gotten over the shock of finding out that it isn't.

It was Zeppo who brought Jack over. Jack was playing at the Orpheum and Zeppo told him there were a couple of girls he wanted him to meet, and Jack came all expectant and hopeful, dolled up in a new tie and his best suit, only to discover the girls were my sister, Babe, who had reached the provocative age of fifteen and myself a skinny, gangling kid of thirteen.

For once Jack didn't appreciate Zeppo's humor.

"Fine thing to do, bringing me here to meet a couple of kids," he said.

I was furious. After all there's no time in her life a girl takes herself quite as seriously as when she's just entered the teens. Me a Kid! I glared at him, hating him with all my soul. Why I'd even escaped my mother's watchful eye long enough to put lipstick on. She had to keep her shoes under lock and key in those days. Babe and I were always sneaking her highest heeled pairs and risking our necks in trying to look as grown up as we possibly could.

Jack saw he had hurt me and was sorry. It isn't in him to hurt anyone consciously and certainly not a child, even if she were a brat like me.

"Do you like dolls?" he asked, trying to make conversation and I was more furious than ever. I just stalked out of the room without answering him.

The next afternoon I had my revenge. I gathered my gang around me, and a formidable gang it was, too, and announced I was taking them to the Orpheum with the money I'd been saving for Christmas. There was a string to that offer though, a long one full of knots. They had to heckle a guy called Jack Benny.

We got there early and held the first two rows in the orchestra for an hour before the show began. We applauded every act enthusiastically. We laughed in all the right places and kept a respectful silence in the others until the cards appeared on either side of the stage announcing Jack Benny.

Then we sat there with faces as stony as our hearts, deadpanning his best gags. Jack told me, years later, he had never wanted to do anything as much in his life as he wanted to reach down into the orchestra that day and yank me up on the stage and turn me over his knees.

The next time I met Jack Benny was after my sister had married and moved to Chicago. She had married an actor who was a friend of Jack's and the three of them became pals. Babe adored him but I felt she had turned traitor to those two kids of a few years ago. Imagine her liking that upstage so and so, Jack Benny.

I was engaged to a boy nobody but I seemed to like very much. I was always getting engaged to boys like that. My views of life were alternately rose color and drab gray in those days. If ever there was a romantic little ninny it was me. Every time I met a new boy and he had a line that pleased me the world turned rosy. Then, a few days later, they hardly ever lasted longer than that, I began to get fed up with romance and the world would look as if it never could stop raining again until I met a new lad I could rhapsodize about.

Much to my surprise I liked Jack when he came to see us. We had moved to Los Angeles and he was playing the Orpheum there. It's always the Orpheum on Keith time you know. But I had a date right after dinner and I kept it without a twinge. And the next day when Jack appeared at the store where I was working as a buyer, and asked me to lunch, I didn't turn a hair when I refused. He came to the store every day for a week after that and I went out with him twice, but it didn't mean a thing.

A week afterwards our telephone rang at three o'clock in the morning. The family was in a frenzy before my father got to it. What awful thing had happened? Could it be Babe? Could it be Grandma? None of us could think of anything but a major calamity that could make any telephone ring at three in the morning.

But the world hadn't turned upside down after all. It was only Jack Benny calling from San Francisco as casually as could be to say, "Hello Doll, I was just wondering how you are and what you're doing?"

At that moment I was shivering in my nightie motioning appealingly to the family not to stand there glaring at me. For now that they were no longer scared they were furious. But I wasn't mad. I was thrilled. It was my first long distance call and that meant something to a kid still in her teens. What if it wasn't a romantic conversation, full of pleas and endearments, it was still a long distance call.

I think even then I knew that call didn't mean much to Jack. It was just an impulse that stage people get all the time to call long distance as casually as anyone else would call from a few blocks away. And three o'clock in the morning didn't mean anything more to Jack than it did to any other young vaudevillian having a bite to eat after the show. It was just the middle of the afternoon to him. But to me it was an event and I did my darndest to turn it into a throbbing moment. But it didn't quite come off. How could I get romantic over a man kidding me in that casual, easy way Jack has of doing things.

Anyway I must have known that another BIG MOMENT was due. I told you I was a crazy kid, didn't I? Well it did, a week or two afterwards. I had gone north to visit my grandmother and I met a boy I thought I was mad about and we became engaged. Only it was different this time. The wedding day was set for January and this was November.



Lucille Ball, RKO star, plays an extremely fast game of badminton. And not just for the exercise. She's crazy about the game.

I was wearing his engagement ring too. That made it seem pretty formidable this time. I was scared to death when my head wasn't in the clouds, where it was most of the time.

I couldn't wait to call my sister in Chicago and I was pretty crestfallen at the way she took the news. "But you don't know what it's all about," she wailed. "You're such a goofy kid. Don't do anything in a hurry. Come out here to visit me and I'll try to pound some sense into that head of yours."

The first person I saw when I got off the train at Chicago was Jack. There he was standing beside my sister and brother-in-law grinning and he was the first of them to reach me. He took my hand and there wasn't any wild thrill. Only that nice, warm glow. Suddenly I knew how frightened I had been. I knew it because the way I was feeling now was just sort of happy and secure and peaceful.

We went around a lot together in the next week or so. I'd never had so much fun in my life. Funny, the way Jack and I clicked. We laughed at the same things without even realizing we were doing it. We were serious about the same things too. We'd sit together on the shore of Lake Michigan and sometimes we'd talk and sometimes we wouldn't. When two people speak the same language they think the same language too. And though it was November and those Lake breezes blow pretty hard we didn't even know it was cold.

We did the goofiest things together. We always just fell in with each other's ideas. We never had to explain things. So when we got on a bus once and I saw

a couple of rather prim women stare disapprovingly at the length of my skirt, we were wearing them short that year too, remember, I decided I'd give them something to be really shocked at. So when Jack came along I pretended I didn't know him.

He came right into the game and started to play. He never put on a better act in his life, even in the old Palace on Broadway. He sat in the seat across from me leering in the most awful way, raising his eyebrows in a way that would send any respectable girl post haste in search of a policeman.

But I wasn't pretending to be respectable. And I acted as badly as he did, tossing my head and giggling and using my eyes in a way eyes have never been used outside of a home for moronic girls. You could hear the gasps, not only from the two women but from the whole bus when he confidently took the seat beside me and I slipped my arm through his.

We got off at the next stop followed by the indignant "Well!" of those two women.

You know it's easy enough to find kindred souls for a serious moment or even for a sad one. But having fun together . . . that's different! Senses of humor vary so. Some are scholarly, some subtle, some broad. Some are pedantic and some are whimsical and some just aren't there at all. Having the same sense of the ridiculous is awfully important for two people. For if a man and a woman can laugh at the same time you can risk your last dollar on their being happy together.

We were all invited to Jack's father's house out in Lake Forest for a weekend, and on Friday night Jack and I sat up talking after the others had gone to bed. It was grand. We didn't realize how late it was. We always had so much to say to each other even if we had seen each other only an hour or so before.

Then, without any warning at all, Jack asked me to marry him and I said I would. I knew it was right. Don't ask me how I knew it, but I did. I'd never felt so happy before, so entirely without doubts or misgivings of any kind. We woke up the whole house and told them our news. And as long as I live I'll never forget Babe throwing her arms around me and crying, "You little ninny, I never knew you had sense before."

The next morning I felt myself smiling before I really was awake. I'd never awakened so completely contented before. Then I saw the engagement ring on my finger and I was petrified. I'd been so happy the night before I'd completely forgotten I was engaged to another man.

I threw on my clothes any which way and ran downstairs to find Jack. I threw myself in his arms and sobbed out my story. He took out his handkerchief and wiped away the tears streaming down my face. Then he held it out to me and said, "Here Doll, blow! Blow hard!" And I did and it sort of cleared all my tears and my fears away at the same time.

Then Jack said, and he was very serious now, the kind of nice, easy seriousness that I've gotten to know is one of the nicest things about him, "Listen, if we don't get married now, we never will. You know that and I know it. So get your hat and we'll be on our way."

Well, it's funny the way I took his orders, relying on his wisdom the way I've relied on it ever since. I went upstairs and got dressed all over again just as calmly as you please and even remembered to put powder in my compact and get myself a fresh handkerchief. And then without telling anyone what we were doing we got in the car and drove out to Waukegan.

We didn't do much talking on the way and when we did it was about the most casual things, and I didn't feel excited or up in the clouds at all. But when the ceremony was finished and Jack turned to kiss me he couldn't because I wasn't there at all. I was flat on the floor. Ninny that I was, I had fainted. So maybe I was excited a bit after all and didn't realize it.

I don't know just when it was I began getting up in the air about Jack. Only that I'm getting more that way every day that passes. I'll hear a song and somehow it seems as if that song had been written just for us, and I'll feel like crying as if I was a youngster who had met a man for the first time and was mad for him and didn't know yet if he returned the feeling or not. And if he's a few minutes late getting home I'll pace the floor like a crazy thing.

Only one thing was missing and for a long time it seemed that Jack and I were never going to have what other husbands and wives have. We both wanted a baby so desperately. Then we discovered that a baby doesn't have to be your own to love it and want it above everything

(*Continued on page 77*)



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The Girl from the Five-and-Ten

[Continued from page 43]

Paramount publicity describes her next occupation as a "position." Miss Drew disagrees:

"'Position' isn't the word for it. I was an elevator operator making $14 a week and listening to the same gag every day—'Was I having my ups and downs?'

"As a matter of fact I was, but the gag didn't help any. And so when the family asked me to come back to Englewood, I went in a flash and got a job with Grant's (really a five-and-ten), selling jewelry and baby clothes. This 'position' brought mother and me $10 a week to live on. We had to make it do; my father had gone back to K. C."

The Englewood Kiwanis Club put on a beauty contest to raise money for charity. Then, just as she would now, Ellen Drew walked away with the honors.

Like friends of beauty-contest winners the country over, hers were convinced that she was only once-removed from already being a screen favorite. So they persuaded her to leave for the film capitol with a party driving there in two days.

"The studios just couldn't see me," she admitted openly, slipping on a hair net as she talked. A hair net that would hold her hair in place yet remain invisible itself for the next shot in front of a fan. "So I got a job at Brown's candy store, making sodas, at $11.50 a week, plus tips which amounted to about $8 more.

"One of my customers was William Demarest. You know who he is. He's a film comedian and also an agent. He was pretty sure he could help me get into the movies and I was on the point of saying to myself 'why not try again?' except. . . ."

Except that a young, good looking fellow named Wallace, Fred Wallace, had fallen in love with her and she was in the throes of the same malady. This Wallace was a tough *hombre*. "Honey," he whispered, "either you choose me or Paramount. It's Zukor or Wallace!"

"It was Wallace and I've never regretted it," she said reappearing in a light blue *crepe de something*. "We were very happy but not particularly rich. Then Fred Jr., came along and I found myself hating the soda fountain that took me away from him. So, one night, Fred and I talked it over and he weakened. I got in touch with Mr. Demarest."

Demarest fixed up an introduction to someone who turned her over to Phyllis Laughton, a Paramount dramatic coach. Miss Laughton gave her a script to learn. Ellen memorized it thoroughly but when she appeared at the audition found she couldn't recall a line of it.

But, apparently, Miss Laughton could see what this girl was made of—even without benefit of screen test—for she saw to it that Ellen got a contract, even if it was one of those things.

Hers, unlike most of the others, contained no six month's $50 raise (*if the option was taken up*). It was simply a promise to pay Erin Drew $50 a week. She started out being "Terry Ray' but they decided that her own name sounded too much like that of a chorus girl, so they changed it to Erin Drew, then to Ellen Drew. She often wondered who she was.

Yet, surprisingly enough, it was this contract, perhaps, that was responsible for her long stay with the company. Because, when one of the fifty-dollar-six-month's-raise girls didn't seem to be coming through in required acting style, the company simply didn't take up the option and the young actress fell by the wayside.

But our Drew wasn't a terrific expense to the company. She posed for enough stills to justify her keep and she was eager to work and learn. Besides, she showed enough talent to make her worth holding, and there followed a row of small parts in some ten pictures. You won't remember her in any of them.

It was then that Artie Jacobson (at that time assistant to Wesley Ruggles, now a talent scout) saw her, thought of the girl part in "Sing You Sinners," spoke to director Ruggles and the rest is *her* history.

From $10 to $100 (she'd gotten a raise) gives force to the Cinderella comparison. She makes much more than that today simply because she's worth it—Cinder*ellen* Drew they call her.

Has she changed from the girl she was at $10 a week? Those who know best say no. Her studio press agents—nice, hardboiled expect-the-worst-people—swear by her. Say she's the most natural girl they've met in a million movies. Say she tells the truth whether it's flattering to her or not. In fact, they're almost speechless over her!

And they boast that when they radioed the *Nieuw Amsterdam* asking her if she'd mind devoting the day to publicity activities, she radioed right back: "ANYTHING YOU SAY REGARDS. . . ."

So, on her arrival she got up at five in the morning. Answered a barrage of questions from a feature writer in the cab on the way over to New York from Hoboken. Got to the hotel, unpacked, had a cup of coffee and was whisked to the hairdresser's for a session. Then two hours in the studio of a *dernier cri* magazine other than the one Miss Frissel was in, and it's not every movie star who makes the super-month pages of *both* of these smart ones. Then in and out of ten gowns under hot lights and lunch of a chopped ham sandwich, a dill pickle and a chocolate malted.

"A decent sandwich is one thing you can't get in England," she complained, "where, mind you, the Earl of Sandwich invented them. The English idea of a ham on rye is a microscopic bit that Americans would overlook in their search for it. And a chocolate malted is entirely out of the question!"

But to get on with her vacation. A news photographer, who had missed her at the docks, and, fearful of losing his

job, began an almost tearful recital of his plight. He didn't need to finish it. She knows too much about jobs and what they mean to you and me. Then three hours with a group of syndicate writers who threw the book at her, in spite of the terrific heat New York was enjoying. Her replies to questions are direct and not without wit. And being interviewed is no snap—ask any reporter who's ever been grilled, himself.

At four she arrived at smart magazine No. 2, with Toni Frissel and this writer—and soon husband Fred Wallace joined us in the studio. They're a cute pair. All of a sudden Fred sang out, "It's five o'clock, dear!" She looked distressed and answered, "Oh, we'll *have* to hurry. I'm so sorry. . . ."

He turned to me and whispered, "I have to save her. Once they get started taking her picture they'll keep her all night. We haven't got to go anywhere for hours but we want to spend some time with you."

Fred's not her manager. He's a first-rate make-up man—but he is her husband, and in that capacity he does a lot of protecting.

Now, at the hotel, she leaned back in a big chair and said, all in a rush: "I'm a little tired, I want a bath, where is the bike, Fred?" To translate. She had a right to be dead-tired. She deserved a bath and the bike was an English one brought back for Skipper, the young Wallace.

This young couple are so like the many young-marrieds who live right around you that if you could meet and talk to them you'd find yourself saying, involuntarily, "Why, they're just like Eddie and Rose, next door!"

But, that's only one of the points to be made in this article. She's thrilled with her success but she isn't carried away with it. There's too much commonsense in that beautiful head for any nonsense like that. She has sold too many diapers and mixed too many frosteds not to know that she isn't the only pebble on the Hollywood beach.

To walk around with her you'd think that she was any young girl from out of town here for the Fair. She swears that the view from her thirty-fifth story hotel window is something akin to heaven. She is certain that there are no store windows like New York's. And she appreciates their contents because she had good enough taste to be trusted with the buying of the ordinary $10.98 dress she wore in "Sing You Sinners." Anyone can do well on Adrien's drawing board but it takes a sharp eye to pick a pretty number from a bargain counter.

"I'll admit that New York isn't exactly the place for a rest, but if you're bored with wherever you are—there's nothing like it," she said. "We're calling on some old friends tonight. Tomorrow we're going to the Fair if we can and then home—home to my baby!

"Seems like ages since I've seen Skipper," continued Ellen, half-closing her eyes. "'Way over there in England, living in a place Henry the Eighth built for Anne of Cleves, I'd think of our little place in Hollywood. Then I'd close my eyes and say, 'Hyah, Skip!'

"But wait a minute, I'm going terribly sentimental on you. About our trip—Fred got up to Scotland, one week-end we both tried to get to Paris but no soap—too much picture work."

Fred broke in. "The English are a great race," he chuckled, "some of them are so steeped in tradition they've boiled down to a fine simmer!"

"Look out!" warned Ellen, leaving the room hurriedly, "he'll follow that up with 'in the good old simmertime!'" She came back with a picture of the baby. He looks like both pa and ma but he hasn't pa's moustache.

"Fred was only kidding about the English," she said. "We were both very much taken with them and it's going to be much more fun when we go back next time—knowing someone. But there's one difference between my baby and some of the English kids we saw. They stood around like little sticks, dressed in Lord Fauntleroy costumes that no boy could do anything in. Look at this little guy," pointing to Skipper's picture, "no ruffles on *that* play suit!"

They both went into a huddle over the picture and a few minutes passed before they remembered that they had company.

Keep an eye on this Drew girl. You're not going to hear a breath of scandal about her. But you are going to see her in some good movies. She has a curious idea that she's in Hollywood to work in the studio. Besides this she has a reputation as a cook and a good housekeeper that she's unusually proud of.

She's a sincere actress.

She ain't the night-club type.



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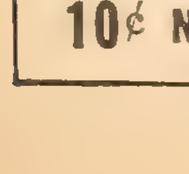


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What I Found Out About Hollywood

[Continued from page 45]

We made the second production on Queen Victoria, "Queen of Destiny," for instance, in thirty days for approximately $700,000. It could not be done here they say under three months and for less than a million. His Majesty, the King, graciously gave us permission to film at Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, and at Balmoral Castle in Scotland—which was wonderful. It would have been impossible to reproduce such scenes at no matter what cost at even our largest studio, Denham. That has only seven floors (*stages they call them here*) while one plant in Hollywood has as many as twenty-five. In one morning's walk across the RKO lot I have seen an entire block of a New York city street reproduced, a magnificent estate laid out even to the gardener's cottage, two night clubs, and a department store so real you wanted to buy things!

It was May Robson—bless her—who introduced me to the "nutberger" and hot dog. Driving along one afternoon she pointed out an old-lady-in-the-shoe sort of building set back from the road. "No, my dear," twinkled Miss Robson, "that is *not* a merry-go-round. It's a drive-in cafe where they serve 'foot-long' hot dogs and 'mile-high' cones. Let's go!"

Somehow, working with her in *Cavell* has given me such renewed courage. For life at seventy-five still holds so much for her. I find myself thinking, "This work that I love doesn't have to end. If I can only go on like she has." For she has given to the screen something so memorable and beautiful and warmly human . . .

When the silence bell rang for the first "take" on the picture I saw her, Edna May Oliver, and ZaSu Pitts (*who turns from comedy to a dramatic role for this*) chuckling together like three school girls. They beckoned me. "Does Mr. Wilcox always say *'Sh-h-h'* like that when a scene is to start?" queried ZaSu. "Doesn't he know the accepted Hollywood method is to have four assistants yell *'Quiet!'* until the rafters ring!"

"We call 'em the 'Quiet' Specialists," amended May Robson. "Everybody is a Specialist here. We even have a hiccough Specialist!"

That being the case, particularly do I like Hollywood's *wardrobe Specialists!*

You see, in England this is what we have to do: We discuss costumes with the director—then go to London tailors and dressmakers for them. Dressmakers whose names are world famous, but often the clothes, while modish enough, won't photograph to the best advantage. Because, naturally, the designers are not trained to think in terms of pictures. And this is the sort of thing that happens frequently: A sports outfit arrives for an outdoor scene. Very good . . . but it's raining and we have to shoot the ballroom scene instead. And there is no ball gown! Or a glorious combination of colors all photograph the same tone!

And what happens here? The studio designer has consulted with the cameraman as to color and lighting effects; the head wardrobe woman has everything ready down to the last stitch. And you have no worry at all . . .



Allan Jones gets a carnation from his beautiful wife, Irene Hervey, during the course of an evening of night-clubbing. They are one of the happiest married couples in Hollywood. Allan is going to sing at the Metropolitan Opera House this season.

It's funny to think of it now, but when I first came out here I pictured the stars somewhat as I had in my school days. I've always been a fervent film friend (*a* fan *I think you call it here*) and I imagined them as I'd seen them in movie magazines. You know—ropes of pearls, glittering satin, the grand manner—

But you can't imagine the friendliness and charm of these people. Of everybody. The technicians who send flowers to your dressing room in welcome, and the stars themselves. The first one I met here was Ginger Rogers. I saw this slim, lovely girl coming towards me, wearing slacks, and with little or no makeup. She held out her hand in the warmest of greetings. (*If you've ever been a stranger in a new town you know what that means!*)

A little later I saw a girl in a sailor suit riding a bicycle. It was Carole Lombard . . . And sitting in the sun outside Stage *10A* was a dark-haired young lady very busy knitting—Kay Francis.

If players were glamorized overseas as they are in Hollywood, I'd like to think they could retain the same sincerity and down-to-earthness of these delightful women.

But glamorization is strictly an American custom! Perhaps, because we have no Hollywood, film folk lead a much more private life over there. Without the fanfare, the trumpets blowing.

Ah, but there are echoes . . . At least ten American companies are making pictures in England this year, introducing Hollywood technique. And more than twelve British stars are working here at the moment.

Definitely the British lion is acquiring a Hollywood roar!



These jolly arm-in-armers are John Trent, Marjorie Reynolds and Milburn Stone on their way to work on another "Tailspin Tommy" film. No wonder they're so happy, because the series has been tremendously successful.

Romance in Reverse

[Continued from page 73]

in the world except each other.

When we decided to adopt a baby we gave a lot of thought to the type we wanted. Just when we thought we wanted a girl we'd think a boy would be nice and when we decided on brown eyes we thought of blue ones in the next breath. Of course we were sure we were going to select a pretty baby. Wouldn't it be just too ridiculous to have the advantage of our own selection and not pick the prettiest one we could find.

But we didn't. Our little Joan was only three months old when we found her and she wasn't a pretty baby at all. But it didn't make any difference. We felt something, as soon as we looked at her, that we hadn't felt for any of the other babies. Maybe it's true, as scientists think, that attraction is a matter of chemicals and that you can't help being drawn to some people more than to others. Maybe it's just that it was destined little Joan was coming to us. At any rate there was a bond between that baby and us and we felt it the first moment we saw her. No mother and father looking at their baby for the first time could have felt more in awe of the thing that was happening to them than Jack and I felt looking at this, our first child.

Today that baby is the loveliest child you've ever seen. And that's not just a fond mother talking either. She has the bluest eyes in the world and the yellowest hair and her face is as lovely as a Botticelli cherub. But that isn't important. That little girl, she's five now, is as spiritually and mentally and physically kin to us as if she had become ours by birth as she now is through love.

Nothing in the world makes me as furious as to have people say, "Isn't she lucky that you adopted her."

Why, we're the lucky ones getting a child like that. And we're not such egotistical fools either that we don't realize our own baby, had we had one, might not have been as perfect. We didn't know then how she would develop, any more than other mothers and fathers know how their children are going to develop. That she has become the individual she is, is only another one of the blessings that have come to us.

For we're been awfully lucky, Jack and I. We've laughed together and sometimes we've cried together—as what two people who love each other and have been together for a long time haven't? And we've seen some of our friends part and we've been unhappy about it. But we've never been afraid for ourselves.

Because the thing we have isn't a thing that was conjured up some spring evening out of a handful of stars and a mist of moonlight. It's a thing we've built together, slowly and securely out of the days and the years of being together. And you don't lose a thing like that!



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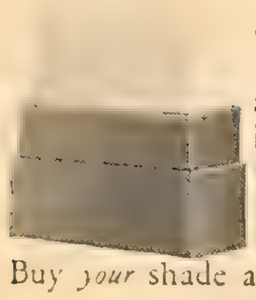
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So You're Going to the Movies?

[Continued from page 49]

Daily News, writes for the biggest newspaper audience in America, puts it this way:

"My standards are those of the average picture patron. I want first to be *entertained.* Second, to have my interest in history revived by seeing historical events and personalities brought to the screen. Third, I want to be enlightened on current problems and events.

"I consider the story on which a film is based of paramount importance, and, when I say I want to be entertained, I mean that the story and the people on the screen must amuse me, or move me to tears by some realistic touch of human drama, thrill me by exciting action, hold me in suspense by a threat of danger to the characters on the screen, mystify me by the secret moves of an unknown killer, or interest me in the working out of a domestic problem. I don't expect to experience all of these emotions in one film, however.

"Acting and direction are next in importance. But, if the story isn't interesting, no amount of fine acting nor the subtlest of directorial touches can make up for the lack of suitable situations and lines. Other production values are then considered, such as the excellence of the photography, sets, scenery, etc."

Out in the heart of movieland, Philip K. Scheuer, motion picture commentator for *The Los Angeles Times,* sees films from a different angle than most critics. They practically are made on his doorstep. So his words have unusual interest.

"I still measure a picture by its effect on my emotions," he says. "This implies satisfying the intelligence also, at least while I am experiencing the emotion. If later I realize that emotionally I have 'cheated myself,' as it were, I do not necessarily hold the fact against the picture. Movies, after all, are made to be enjoyed while we're seeing them. It is a rare one indeed to which we may return again and again, profiting by each visit.

"As for 'critical standards,' they are those which have been developed during my thirty years of conscious picture-going. I happened to grow up with the film industry. I have known the silent picture at its best and worst, as well as the talkie so far as it has gone. This gives me a tape measure of sorts, but it is very elastic, and need not be applied in an arbitrary manner. Naturally, I have my personal likes and dislikes. I prefer the Marx Brothers to Joe E. Brown—but I try to be fair to Brown, allowing for the response of his particular fans and at least trying to evaluate his latest offering in terms of his others.

"I'm still a great believer in *motion* for motion pictures," continues Scheuer. "Not necessarily movement, but the cinematic flow of the whole. I think I look for this first. For this reason 'Stagecoach' seemed to me the best movie of the year so far. Its excellent elements of cinema —musical background, camera beauty, character development; and dialogue which was at once succinct and revealing, all combined to make a kind of symphony, of which the dominant theme was the turning of the wheels, the onward roll of the stagecoach.

"To sum up, I think the ideal film is one that gratifies both your emotions and your mind. If it *stirs* you in spite of your better judgment, it may still be a good job of movie-making. If it makes you *think* but leaves you cold, something is probably wrong with it. But give it a chance. Perhaps the motivation is just too new, the beginning of a different art form. Tomorrow it may be commonplace."

Chester B. Bahn, editor of The Film Daily, one of the chief trade publications in the world of motion pictures, knows his screen. So his words have unusual weight.

"It seems to me that the film critic, regardless of his field of service, should strive to see the picture through the eyes of his reading public," he tells me. "That has been my habit for some twenty years, whether my reading public was that of a sensational daily or a more sophisticated periodical, or, finally, strictly trade.

"As a movie fan, I am insistent that a picture *entertain.* As essentials for screen entertainment, I should—and do—specify such qualities as action, freshness in approach and treatment, sympathetic casting, imaginative direction and due attention to the niceties of present day technique."

Welford Beaton, who edits and publishes his own magazine, *The Hollywood Spectator,* in the center of filmdom's capitol, is another who marches in entertainment's first brigade.

"Before a picture fades in, I have a definite feeling it is going to be the *best* I ever saw," he comments. "My mood is receptive to its virtues. If it *entertains* me for its full length, it is a good picture, no matter how many holes you, sitting next to me, can pick in it. If it does not entertain me, then whatever critical faculty I possess goes on shift and tells me why I am not being entertained. And that is what I tell my readers.

"The primary mission of any motion picture is to entertain. If it can break some of its own laws and still be entertaining, that is all right with me; but if it obeys all its laws and still is not entertaining, then it is a bad picture in spite of its constitutional virtues. And during a score of years of picture criticism, my honest endeavor has been to keep from creating the impression that I deem the critic to be of greater importance than the subject criticized."

John Hobart, of *The San Francisco Chronicle,* stands out for honesty, first and last.

"Considering the nature and purpose of motion pictures, it is wrong, I think, to have too austere a critical standard and to expect every movie to be a work of art," he believes. "But it is reasonable at the same time to demand a few qualities, and the most important of these, in my opinion, is honesty. A picture that honestly presents its theme, whether it is an historical epic or a simple comedy

of family life, is pretty apt to be a good picture.

"By honesty I mean a story that is not put together from a lot of worn-out *clichés* but one that makes a valid attempt to picture life as it is with actors who resemble human beings rather than automatons from a glamour factory. 'Juarez' and 'A Man to Remember' are examples of honest pictures. In my judgment, 'Suez' and 'The Hardys Ride High' (the latter, with particular reference to Mickey Rooney's distorted antics) were dishonest. If to honesty you can add eloquence, dramatic power and visual effectiveness you are apt to have more than a good picture, possibly a great one."

Suspense and logic are the important factors, in the mind of Katharine Hillyer of *The Washington Daily News*.

"Suspense is an important element," she says. "Yet there are many plots of pictures we know thoroughly and yet get just as big a kick out of them as if we didn't. Am I making sense? But, anyway, I'll pick 'Pygmalion' as my favorite picture of the year and maybe get the key to your question by saying what I think about it. The directing had a twist to it, the dialogue was brilliant and the performances were just about perfect. It was logical and, darn it, I think logic is one of the most important things for a movie to have. If logic is tossed out the studio gate then a film must click on every other point. Such as the English film, 'The Lady Vanishes.' I didn't care if there were minor flaws and if the whole business might have been called preposterous. It was a lulu of a mystery."

Standards keep shifting but, fundamentally, entertainmnt is the measure of a good picture, votes Marjory L. Adams, of *The Boston Globe*.

"Is a picture entertaining to the average audience or to a specialized audience?" Miss Adams asks herself in passing verdict on a film. "Has a picture introduced a new treatment, either of an old subject or a well-worn formula? Do the players really characterize or do they walk through their roles? Does the film stimulate your imagination or is it just another picture?

"Standards differ from year to year, just as public taste does. A whacky film by itself, when there are too many serious pictures, is a box-office sell-out. It is a dreadful bore when there are too many of the whacky comedies. The film you wrote about as an epic in 1929 develops amazing faults in 1939, when you see it over again."

Another critic with a simple standard of values—are you bored or are you entertained?—is James H. Briggs, drama and motion picture editor of *The Rocky Mountain News* of Denver, Colo.

"A film does not necessarily have to possess a brilliant cast or one single glamorous actress to please my taste. I can watch for a hidden small-name character actor or actress to deliver a swell performance.

"I believe a movie fan should judge a picture on the frame of mind it leaves him in when 'The End' is flashed across the screen. If it leaves him happy, it's a swell show. If it leaves him in a humor to go out and kick dogs and steal pennies from a blind man, then the film should positively be jerked out of circulation."

Merle Potter, the motion picture editor of *The Minneapolis Journal*, states:

"I have found that my reactions to pictures are about the average. If I tried to analyze a picture, I would ask myself to what extent the picture approached perfection in these four classifications: 1, story; 2, acting; 3, direction; 4, production. However, I think that if a critic starts taking a picture apart in this fashion, he wearies his readers. What they want to know is: 'Do I want to see the picture under consideration?'

"So the reader should, in my opinion, be given an idea of what the story is about, whether it's a drama, comedy, farce, melodrama, etc. Naturally, you apply different standards when considering the various types of entertainment. In a farce you will stand for anything, regardless of how wild or improbable it is, so long as it entertains. In a drama, you should have a story that doesn't offend your intelligence; it should be logical, believable, etc. In melodrama, you allow for exaggeration, because that's an inherent part of melodrama."

Elizabeth Copeland, of The Richmond, Va., *News Leader*, says something important when she remarks: "I think fans should learn to judge what is phony and what is not." And she goes on, "By that I mean, they should train themselves to pick out the natural from the unnatural in acting, script, direction, historical background, and so on. I think they should learn not to think a picture is good simply because their favorite stars are in the cast. Often a very good performer can give a very bad performance.

"I look for all these things in a movie —I want it kept straight, simple, artistic, consistent to the original idea, historically accurate, mobile and genuine. I prefer good direction to good acting, a good script to elaborate set decoration. Good acting is something you *feel* rather than *see* and if I can't have good acting and good speech together, I prefer the latter.

"Personally, I would rather have simple sets that suggest the mood of the story than the most elaborate sets in which all the details are so perfect that they rather clutter up the stage. I would do away with as much emoting as possible and substitute a little beauty of gesture or a very good line."

Suspense is a strong point with Elinor Hughes, the dramatic and motion picture editor of *The Boston Herald* and *The Boston Traveler*. "I judge a film first on its ability to create and maintain an intelligent amount of suspense; second, for the artistry—I don't mean artiness—of its direction; third, for the quality of the script writing; fourth, for the acting," she says. "Criticizing films tends to destroy illusion and I no longer find myself developing palpitations at the sight of the glamour boys and girls. If they can act, all very well. If they can't they leave me cold. I've seen so many pictures that my standard of values is necessarily high."

To sum up, all you need is common sense and the courage to believe in your own opinions. Taking that for granted, you can now consider yourself a bonafide screen critic, so far as your own entertainment program is concerned.

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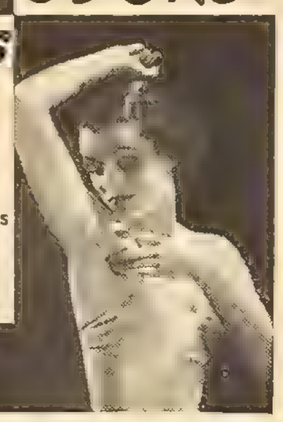
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Pictures on the Fire!

[Continued from page 57]

"That money is Jeff's aunt?" *Groucho continues, his eyes alight. "Forward all my mail to Newport and don't say a word till you hear from me."*

Maybe it isn't funny the way I write it. I'm like Gregory Ratoff: Don't read it like I write it. Read it like I *mean* it!

"Dick!" I hear a screech and looking around I find one of my favorite people —Florence Rice. She's all done up in white satin with a white satin plug hat. She's a trick rider and she's supposed to ride a white stallion.

"Do you really ride?" I question her.

"Quiet," she orders, because Florence is deathly afraid of horses.

Then a photographer comes up. "Come on, Florence," he pleads. "I wanna get a still picture of you with some visitors."

"You wait," Florence says. "Dick only comes out once a year and I'm going to make the most of this visit." With that she puts her arm around me. "You're getting fat," she announces and my day is ruined. But I try to save my face by squirming away and changing the subject.

"You fool," she laughs, withdrawing her arm cautiously.

* * *

The last picture on this lot is the long-awaited "Babes in Arms" starring Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland. It's all about an old-time vaudeville team—Charles Winninger and Grace Hayes—whose son and daughter (*Mickey and Betty Jaynes*) were born in the theatre. They are headliners and are sitting on top of the world. But fifteen years pass and vaudeville has died. Seaport, once the gay, happy summer capital of successful vaudeville artists, has become a city of doubt and despair.

Unwilling to believe they are through, Charlie gathers the old-timers for an all-headline troupe. Mickey thinks it's a swell idea until he learns that none of the children of the performers are going along.

"Why not?" he demands defiantly.

"Well, son, because—it's—it's just the acts that go. No excess baggage," Winninger explains weakly.

"You call talent excess baggage?" Mickey yells angrily. He waves his arms indicating the kids that have gathered behind him. "There's a lot of entertainment on this side of the room," he cries, "and you folks are responsible for it. We're your kids—chips off the old blocks —most of us born in theatres—grease paint in our veins—and you don't want us to go on the stage. No!" he continues, putting on false airs, "you want us to be doctors or lawyers or a broker in Wall Street—and your girls to marry rich guys."

"I suppose that's bad—bein' a broker," Winninger argues.

"Clark Gable ain't on relief," Mickey shoots back.

"But our acts are all routined—standard," Charlie protests.

"I'll say they are!" Mickey yelps. "Why, most of your gags are so standard when you forget them the audience can prompt you."

It ends by Mickey putting on his own show.

Confidentially, I'll tell you that next to Cagney and Spencer Tracy, Mickey comes pretty close to being my favorite actor. And if he's inclined to be a trifle cocky and mug a little—well, what the heck. He's young. And Miss Hayes, who plays his mother, should have been in pictures long ago. When the studios overlooked her she opened up her own night club out here and she and her talented son, Lind Hayes, put on a swell show every night. It's called The Grace Hayes Lodge and if any of you ever get to Hollywood, instead of looking me up and asking me to take you through the studios, just go out to Miss Hayes' place and you'll see most of the stars there.

From M-G-M I travel on to —

20th Century-Fox

THERE are sure a flock of pictures going out here. The biggest is "Hollywood Cavalcade" starring Alice Faye and Don Ameche. It is a melange of all the happenings in the old silent pictures that made Hollywood the most glamorous city in the world, and it gives you Hollywood and motion pictures as they really were and—alas—will never be again.

It's a good story but a long, involved one. Suffice it to say that Don throws in his lot with pictures when they first appear on the market, makes a big star of Alice, loses her when he fails to return her love and she marries Allan Curtis. Then there's an automobile accident and Allan is killed and Alice sent to the hospital. Don has been directing them in a picture, just about the time "The Jazz Singer" was released. He goes to see Alice at the hospital.

"Molly," he whispers, "I had to see you."

"Yes," she answers dully, "what about?"

"About the picture," he blurts out. "They're going to finish it without you—with a double—"

"Yes, I know," she replies. "Dave (J. Edward Bromberg) *phoned me."*

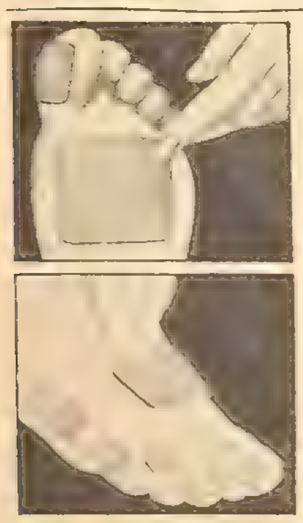
"What did you say?" Don gasps.

"I told him to go ahead."

"They're going to ruin it—make hash of it," he remonstrates.

"What if they do?" it's her turn to

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whisper. "It doesn't matter. I'm tired, Mike. It doesn't matter—really it doesn't. Please go."

"I know what it is to be tired—the way you're tired—when your whole world topples. It seems to lick you—if you let it. You've got to fight back and get well. Then things will look different, Molly. What happened wasn't your fault. What happened to me, I was to blame for. I was wrong—about you—about everything, I guess—bull-headed—blind. But through all those years only one thing mattered to me—you. When I was down at the bottom—on my way out—and you gave me the chance to come back—I didn't want to take it—didn't want to take anything from you—but I had to. I had to see you—be near you again. It was like water to a man dying of thirst. From that first day on the picture I started to live again. And what we did was great, Molly—every scene, every foot of it. If I treated you badly on the set it was because I didn't want you to know how I felt. I didn't want myself to know. But now I want you to know—everything."

Before the scene is finished Don has Molly all pepped up, and he goes out to steal the negative of the unfinished picture so they can't complete it without her.

It's a great scene and, although Don has all the talking to do, Alice's facial reactions make her just as important in it.

Mr. Curtis is taking a busman's holiday and visiting on the set when he isn't working. It's Allan's first good part since he made his hit with Joan Crawford in "Mannequin." I have never been able to understand why, instead of this constant frantic search by studios for "new faces," they don't try to do something with the faces they already have and for which the public had shown a liking.

* * *

HOWEVER, that's none of my butt-in so I mosey along to the next set where Jane Withers with the help of the Ritz Brothers is working in "Tin Hats." It is Jane's most pretentious picture to date and she's making the most of it, believe me.

Orphaned by the death of her father in the world war, she is living with Adrienne d'Ambricourt who runs an inn. She is very friendly with a one-legged shoe-maker in the village (*Fritz Lieber*). But when she follows him after he leaves the village (*to give him a basket of food he forgot*) she finds him mortally wounded.

"I must get a doctor," Jane exclaims in alarm.

"No," he gasps. "There is not time. Listen carefully to what I say. I am not Pierre Ferrand, the cobbler," he continues with great effort. "I am Captain LaCosta —French Intelligence."

"You, a soldier?" she echoes, astounded.

He nods. "Two Germans in French uniforms—discovered who I was—"

"Please, Pierre, let me go for a doctor," she pleads desperately. As she starts away she notices with amazement that his wooden leg is lying on the floor and that he isn't one-legged at all.

"No, my dear," he insists. "No one can help me now. But you can save the others. Get a message to Colonel Giraud



at once. He is at Belfort. Tell him Hugo Ludwig is to leave. He is in great danger. I could not tell you before—but now—our spy, Hugo Ludwig—attached to German headquarters—in Mullheim—is—Paul Didot—your father!"

There is more to the scene but this is the gist of it. I look at Jane in wonder. She is growing up overnight and she plays this scene with a surety that many of our glamour girls might envy and there are a lot of them who could learn quite a little just by watching Jane.

"Look at Jane," Mrs. Withers whispers. "See how slim she is. And her waist is only 23 inches," she adds proudly.

Mrs. Withers is right. You millions of Jane Withers' fans are due for a pleasant surprise when you see her in this picture. The chubby little figure you're used to is gone and you'll see a budding ingenue.

* * *

NEXT, there's "Here I Am A Stranger" starring Richard Dix and Richard Greene, with Gladys George and Brenda Joyce prominently present, as well as Roland Young, Russell Gleason, Edward Norris and Henry Kolker.

Dix plays a brilliant but hard-drinking reporter whose wife (*Gladys George*) leaves him in order to safeguard the future of her little son (*Greene*). The scene I witness is where Greene, now grown, first meets his father.

"Hi, Dick," he hails me.

"Gee, it's nice to see you again, Dick," I return. "I meant to come up to the hospital to see you while you were there but you know how it is. We never do the things we mean to."

"Well, that's pretty swell of you," he concedes.

"It isn't swell at all," I retort. "It would have been nice if I had done it."

"Well, it was nice of you to think about it," he insists.

That's one of the reasons everybody in Hollywood likes Dick. He appreciates it if you even think about him. Which is saying a lot.

Warner Brothers

ONLY three pictures shooting here but they are both big ones.

The first is "The Roaring 20's" starring James Cagney. It starts with the World War and takes up life during the prohibition period afterwards. But now it's just starting and we find Messrs. Cagney, Humphrey Bogart and Jeffrey Lynn in a shell hole. C & B were there first and all of a sudden Mr. L was there, too.

"There're twenty thousand shell holes around here," Hump complains, "and everybody's gotta come divin' into this one."

"Sorry, fellows," Lynn apologizes. "I didn't know there was anybody in here."

"Maybe we ought to put up a sign: 'No huntin', trespassin' or fish—'" Cagney begins when a shell explodes and cuts his words short, throwing up dirt all around them.

The sound of the exploding shell will be dubbed in later. The dirt it is supposed to throw up is really thrown down on the hapless lads by three men standing out of camera range with shovels.

"Gosh," Bogart says when the director, Raoul Walsh, calls "Cut," "it doesn't matter with Lynn because he isn't a meanie, but I hope these mudpacks don't make Cagney and me too pretty."

Outside it is about 110. Inside, they have thrown up an embankment of dirt about eight or ten feet high to represent a shell-hole. The three boys are crouched down in the centre with the lights blazing down on them. They are sweating so the dirt changes to mud as soon as it hits their faces. It must be at least 130 in there where they're sitting and they have on heavy O. D. uniforms.

"Having fun, Jimmie?" I smirk from my place in front of a huge electric fan.

"Get out of here, you rat," Jimmie yells murderously.

I git.

* * *

THE next picture is "20,000 Years in Sing Sing." To my mind this is one of the best pictures Warner Brothers ever made. Spencer Tracy and Bette Davis had the leads in the original. This time it's John Garfield and Ann Sheridan. John's interpretation of the part will be different from Spence's but it should be equally as effective.

THE last picture is "On Your Toes" from the successful musical comedy. This features Zorina and Eddie Albert, but the real stars—to me, anyhow, are Queenie Smith and James Gleason.

Queenie used to be a big shot in Broadway musicals. You will probably remember her in "Show Boat," and why she doesn't work more is one of those things only casting directors can tell you.

She and Jimmie are vaudeville headliners and Donald O'Connor (*whom you saw with Bing Crosby in "Sing, You Sinners"*) is their son. They have just finished their act and are returning to their dressing room.

"Do you think it would be funnier if I used red drawers?" Donald inquires.

"Good idea," Jim encourages him and turns proudly to Queenie. "The kid sure is taking after me."

"That's what I'm afraid of," Queenie counters. "I see nothing developing in Junior except his lower nature. He's going to school."

"School!" Jim echoes, aghast.

"School!" Donald sneers. "That's what you get, Pa, for marrying outside the business."

With that Jim and Queenie bang him simultaneously on the ears.

"Junior," Jim reproves him, "Don't talk disrespectful in front of your Ma. Can she help it if her father was a broken-down music teacher?"

"You two better stop banging me around or the first thing you know I won't be in the act. I got an offer from Gus Edwards."

"That settles it," says Queenie firmly. "He's got to go to school."

"Now, wait a minute, Ma." Jim pleads. "Ain't we one of the biggest acts in vaudeville? My dad, Phil Doland, the First, never went to school. Phil Doland, the Second, never went to school. And," equally firmly, "Phil Doland, the Third, ain't gonna go to no school."

"Course not, Ma," Junior seconds his father. "Ain't you got no family pride?"

"I'm getting sick and tired of this ham-and-greasepaint aristocracy," Queenie announces. He's going to get some education and be a musician if I have to teach him myself."

"Listen to that," Jim importunes Junior. "The trouble with you, Lil, you shouldn't ever have married an actor?"

"Did she?" Junior pipes up and with that Jim lashes out with a solid clunk to Junior's ear.

I have always said I hate family squabbles so I leave them to settle their difficulties as best they—and the writer—can, and betake myself to—

Universal

ONLY the new Deanna Durbin picture—"First Love"—is shooting here. That's just starting and the set is closed so you'll have to wait until next month for this one.

Columbia

WALTER CONNOLLY in "Prison Surgeon" and "The Five Little Peppers" are shooting here but the latter is on location and the former is on process stage so we'll reluctantly have to skip them and travel on to—

Paramount

ONLY thing going here is "The Light That Failed" but that's just starting and the set is closed, so that, too, will have to wait. But there's—

R-K-O

IMAGINE my consternation to find three big pictures going at this studio—"Allegheny Frontier" with Claire Trevor and John Wayne, "Hunchback of Notre Dame" with Charles Laughton and "Vigil in the Night" starring Carole Lombard—and every one of them on location. You'll just have to contain yourselves till next month. That leaves only—

Samuel Goldwin

WALTER WANGER has a big picture shooting here called "Eternally Yours" with Loretta Young, David Niven, ZaSu Pitts, Raymond Walburn, Broderick Crawford, and Hugh Herbert.

The first two were married once but Loretta couldn't stand the nomadic existence David (a great magician) led, so she divorced him and married Brod. Now they've met in a night club and under the guise of entertaining ZaSu and Raymond and their guests, David and Loretta are harpooning each other with great gusto and verbal darts.

Lack of space prevents my going into detail about this scene but this is one picture you don't want to miss.

"Dick," ZaSu calls as I leave, "tell that Liza Wilson I'm not speaking to her any more. She used to come by my house every Sunday when Claudette lived next door but now I never see her."

"If you'd given *me* your phone number instead of Liza," I retort, "you wouldn't have had any complaints." But at any rate, ZaSu, here is your message—right out in print—and we'll see if Liza reads anything in the magazine besides her own letters to the editor.

So long, folks.

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Sally asks IRENE DUNNE





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